

# Newport Mercury.

VOLUME CXLIX.—NO. 14.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 15, 1906.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,343.

## The Mercury.

### The Block Island Case.

There were several cases assigned for trial in the District Court on Friday, and there was an unusual array of legal talent and a large throng of spectators. The most interest was taken in the case against the Block Islanders, charged with breaking the building owned by J. C. Champlin and others. There were a great many Block Islanders over as defendants, witnesses or spectators. The case was long drawn out.

The charge brought by the Town of Middletown against Thomas O'Gorman for oversteering an automobile was discontinued by the prosecution, and the defendant was discharged. Charles Coggeshall was given one year in the State prison for sleeping out.

Then the Block Island case was put on. The defendants were Edward C. Allen, 2nd, Abraham L. Payne, John W. Coe, Owen Mitchell, Jeremiah B. Allen and Roy Payne. Walter Barney of Providence conducted the prosecution and William P. Sheffield, Jr., the defense. Former Senator C. E. Champlin was in court and conferred with Mr. Barney. It was agreed that the cases should all be tried together.

Mr. Sheffield moved to dismiss the complaint on the ground that the court did not have jurisdiction. He called Second Warden Daniel Mott to the stand to testify that he had no personal interest in the case, and argued that as the first warden, Dr. Champlin, did have an interest, the case should have been heard by Second Warden Mott. Mr. Barney argued against the motion, and the history of the Warden's Court was gone into at considerable length. Judge Franklin overruled the motion.

The first witness was Mrs. Ruth Willis, who with her husband, Edgar H. Willis, conducts the New Harbor Pavilion at Block Island, taking a lease of the property from J. C. and C. E. Champlin. After describing the arrangement of the pavilion Mrs. Willis testified that on the evening of August 4 last, while there were 75 or 100 men and women in the dance hall, a party of 20 or 30 men came in and sat at one of the tables in the restaurant for a short time. After a time they all went out for a moment and returned and were again seated. Then they arose and began to wreck the place. She named all the defendants as being present. She saw Jerry Allen lift a large table and hurl it to the floor, smashing the table and everything on it.

The crowd started for the door to the pool room which was locked and barred. She saw Jerry Allen, John W. Coe and "Link" Paine break down the door and all entered the pool room. Revolvers were flourished and Allen threatened to blow somebody's head off. An inner closet door was also broken down. Tables, chairs, bottles and lighted lamps were hurled about the rooms and windows were smashed. The cash drawer was broken open. After the crowd left the premises she directed that the front doors be shut but before this could be done the crowd forced them open again. She described the damage done. In cross examination by Mr. Sheffield she denied that beer was sold on the premises. Did not see Roy Payne smash anything but he was with the crowd.

Andrew V. Willis, Jr., testified in corroboration of the preceding witness. He was present and saw the damage done. Saw Jeremiah B. Allen break down the door. Witness said that John W. Coe later in the evening boasted of the work that they had done there. He described the wrecked condition of the premises.

Alton E. Dodge and Raymond Willis testified that they were present and saw the fracas but left early as it was too warm for them. Oliver C. Rose was present and saw the wrecking of the place. He described the condition of the place the next morning. Alton H. Mott, who owns the grocery store across the street, heard the noise and rushed over to see what the trouble was. He saw some of the defendants running around there and saw the damage that was done. Charles E. Mathews of Riverside was present on that night. He identified one of the defendants as one who broke a table. After leaving the building witness was struck on the foot by a bottle which had been thrown through a window.

Anna Hughes, a colored waitress employed in the restaurant, was a good witness. She told of the beginning of the affair and said that Jerry Allen made the first spring at the door to the pool room, breaking it down. Both Allen and "Link" Paine flourished revolvers. In cross examination she never saw Roger served there.

George B. Wentworth testified that Jerry Allen told him on August 4 that they were going over to "clean out Edgar" that night. Captain Nathaniel B. Ball testified to meeting the crowd

while he was driving but could not identify them. He told of the condition of the premises the next morning. Walter Malcom, a waiter in the restaurant, saw the crowd come in and refused to serve them. Saw Allen and Coe break down the door. He told of the damage that was done, and showed a collection of large stones that were thrown through the windows.

At noon the case was still apparently far from finished with the defense not yet started.

### A Destructive Storm.

During the early hours of Thursday morning Newport was visited by a severe electrical storm which for long duration, intensity and the amount of damage done has seldom been equalled in this vicinity. For nearly two hours the lightning flashed and the thunder roared almost constantly while the rain fell in torrents, the result being much damage both by lightning and by water. Many buildings were struck and damaged, the telephone and telegraph service was seriously interfered with, and both electric and steam railway traffic was interrupted. It was an uncomfortable night for the residents of Newport and many persons arose and dressed on account of the severity of the storm. As far as reported no one was injured but there were some very narrow escapes from death by lightning. There seemed to be a succession of storms, all of much severity, that followed each other closely directly over the city.

During the height of the storm the barn on the estate of Theodore M. Davis at Brenton's Point was struck by lightning and burned. The employees who were sleeping in the barn were not injured and they quickly removed the horses and carriages but were unable to do much toward saving the stable. As the telephone service was crippled by the storm, word had to be sent to the city by a man on horse back. An alarm was rung in from Box 514 and the department responded for a long hard run in a heavy storm. When they reached the scene nothing could be done to save the stable but all their efforts were directed toward preventing the destruction of the house and this was uninjured. The crew from the Life Saving Station were of much service before the arrival of the fire department. The stable was a valuable one and was insured for \$25,000.

Although this was the most serious property loss many other places were struck within the city limits. The Hoffman place on Ridge road was struck and the cupola was damaged. J. T. Woodward's residence on Ochre Point was slightly damaged by lightning. At E. Rollins Moore's place a tree was struck, and at E. J. Berwind's the electrical equipment was badly wrecked. The house of Mrs. Alexander McGregor on John street was slightly damaged, and a barn on Webster street was struck and started to burn. The flag pole at Morion Park was smashed into kindling wood. Wires and poles of the street railway company were struck frequently and considerable damage was done on the Bath road line. In Middletown at least two houses were struck with slight damage and several barns were burned.

At Jamestown the storm seemed to be even more severe than it was in Newport. House after house was struck by lightning and it is remarkable that there was no loss of life. The cottage of Mr. Frank Rice of Boston, at the Dumpings, was struck and the lightning thoroughly wrecked two rooms which had just been left by the occupants. Their escape was miraculous. The Lovering cottage was set on fire but was quickly extinguished. Many other places were struck but without serious damage resulting.

All the time the storm continued the rain fell in a deluge. Cellars in the lower part of Newport were flooded. Thames street was filled with water from wall to wall and great quantities of sand were washed down from the side streets. On Spring street there was so much sand on the tracks that the cars could not move until it was shoveled off. Out on the island the early car on the Fall River road was derailed in the sand and the opening of the line was much delayed.

There were two washouts on the tracks of the New Haven road which caused much delay in the operation of trains. Near Chase's lane several yards were carried away and this had to be filled in before the trains could cross. There was another washout, but not so serious, near the Middletown station. The first train in arrived here shortly after half-past ten, delay being occasioned not only by the state of the tracks but also by the damages to the telegraphic service. Many local telephones were put out of business temporarily by the burning out of fuses, but the main exchange was not injured.

Friday morning there was another attempt at an electrical demonstration, but this time it did not amount to very much. The rain fell heavily for a considerable time and there were a few vivid flashes of lightning.

### Newport County Fair.

Ninth Annual Exhibition—Clear Skies Favored the Opening Day—Large Attendance Throughout the Week—Many of the Exhibits the Finest Ever Seen at the Fair—Premiums Awarded.

The ninth annual fair of the Newport County Agricultural Society was held on the fair grounds on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week. The attendance was large each day, showing the interest taken by a large number of people. There were many present from Newport, Fall River and nearby places, showing that the interest in this yearly exhibition is not confined to residents on the island. Dinner and supper were served each day by Mr. Herbert Negus, in the large dining hall of the main building and received a liberal patronage. This was Mr. Negus' first year at the fair.

In the lower entrance of the main building Mr. Ray B. Wilson, Jr., of Newport, had a nice display of plumbing, which was complete in every detail.

#### FANCY WORK.

In the upper part of the main building in the east room was the fancy work display. This is always an attractive spot for the ladies, especially those interested in fancy work. The room was made more attractive this year, being decorated with jars of dahlias of different varieties. Here were found many beautiful pieces of drawn work and embroidery, also sofa pillows, fancy silk patchwork, bedspreads and many other pretty articles. Worthy of special mention were two hand-drawn sofa pillows and some table mats, which were the work of Mrs. Susan P. Chase, of Portsmouth, who is eighty-two years of age. They were beautifully done and Mrs. Chase received first premium on these articles.

Among the fancy work were many beautiful pieces of embroidery, including doilies and centerpieces of every description; afghans, hand made skirt waists, bedspreads and an endless variety of beautiful drawn work.

Mrs. Molly Brownell had a very handsome exhibit of hand-made waists. The work was most beautifully done and received much admiration. She also had an exhibit of candlesticks with shades of silk, hand embroidered and beaded for fringe.

A hand-made mat, the work of Mrs. Moses Barlow, of Newport, eighty-eight years of age, attracted much attention. She also had a number of other exhibits, equally as well done.

#### HAND PAINTED CHINA.

Mrs. Beulah T. Cram, of Boston, who is occupying a cottage on the island for the summer months, had a handsome exhibit of hand-painted china; also Mrs. B. B. H. Sherman, of Newport. Mrs. Cram received first premium on her collection and also on specimen work. Mrs. Sherman was awarded second premium on the same.

#### ART DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Manton Chase, a resident of the island, loaned a rare collection of Indian work made by the Arizona Indians. It was very interesting and consisted of a variety of work done by the Indians.

A mandolin, made by Capt. Jason W. Gifford, of Tiverton, who is 77 years of age, was a wonderful piece of work. He also had some pictures of burnt wood with tinted colorings. They were beautiful pieces of workmanship and were much admired. One could hardly realize that they were the work of one so advanced in years.

Three nice collections of basket work added greatly to the exhibits in the art department. Basket making is growing each year and there were some beautiful designs among the exhibits, done by people on the island.

#### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The children's department was worthy of much praise. The work was varied and each article would have done credit to a grown person. The burnt wood was a pleasing feature of this exhibit, but the fancy work, paintings and drawings each received their share of praise. A child has to be under sixteen years to compete in this class, and when this is taken into consideration the work is certainly deserving of all the praise it receives.

The Social Studio exhibit of children's work, which consisted of wood carving, burnt wood, basket work, drawing, needle work, water colors and a few designs, deserves special commendation. It was a pleasing feature of the exhibition. The pictures loaned by Miss Eddy of Bristol Ferry added to the attractiveness of this department. The children are taught at the studio and the excellence of the work displayed at the fairs each year speaks for itself and shows the careful training the scholars receive.

#### PASTRY.

The cake was exceptionally nice this year. There was a larger display and

a greater variety. It was keen competition for the prizes and the judges said that all the cake was so good it was hard to tell which was the best. There were three different fruit cakes and all were excellent. The pies were also fine.

#### VEGETABLES.

One of the finest exhibitions of garden vegetables ever shown at any fair was that from Oakland Farm, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. There were nearly one hundred different varieties and it would be hard to state which was the best. The sweet potatoes were unusually large and the salad potatoes came in for their share of praise; also the green corn, which looked most tempting. The tomatoes were very large and fine looking—in fact, it would be impossible to give too much praise to this fine exhibit. Mr. Vanderbilt's interest in this year's exhibition has been much appreciated by the management, as it is felt that the wealthy farms can be of inestimable assistance in carrying out the work that the Society has undertaken.

It has been said that this was a poor potato season, but, notwithstanding this, the potatoes made a fine exhibit and were a surprise to the farmers themselves. They were large and handsome looking and there was a goodly display from various farms.

The tomato display was better than in former years and there were goodly numbers.

#### FRUIT.

Special mention should be made of the peach and grape exhibit, which was exceptionally fine. The peaches varied in size, but all were excellent.

The season of 1906 has been acknowledged a poor one for apples but some farmers were fortunate in raising some splendid ones, so that accounts for the fine display that the Newport County Fair had on exhibition. A glance at these apples would have given the idea that the apple season had been a good one.

The pears and plums each came in for their share of praise. The pears were large and the plums were equally nice looking.

#### FLOWERS.

The flower display was of the best. Mr. A. B. Wardell, of North Westport, had a fine display of dahlias. Mr. George C. Stoddard, of Newport, also had an exceptionally nice display of dahlias, there being over 170 different varieties in his collection. Mrs. Harriett F. Brownell, who has a cottage in Middletown, was awarded first premium for the best exhibit of dahlias as a centerpiece. Mrs. Harriett Field had a very large hydrangea on exhibition. It was a handsome plant and was awarded first premium.

#### POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

The poultry department was as usual the scene of much interest, the classes being well filled with worthy exhibits and in some cases it was difficult for the judges to decide which were entitled to the premium.

There were a number of broods of chickens—some black and some white. These are always interesting exhibits and prove especially attractive to the children.

#### NOTES.

An exhibit that attracted much attention and won first premium was 2 pen pheasants from Oakland Farm. One of these was a silver pheasant—a very handsome bird.

Mr. George Hathaway had a cat and seven little kittens on the grounds and they pleased the old as well as the young.

Four little black puppies attracted a great deal of attention. They were exhibited by Mr. Jesse Durfee.

Mr. Joe Brazil had a Portuguese poodle on exhibition, which was a handsome dog.

Glen Farm and Oakland Farm had fine exhibits of sheep. They deserve special mention.

Probably no finer display of eggs was ever exhibited. They were large and grouped in baskets. One basket contained a dozen or more pure white eggs. Others were of a light brown, the usual color of an egg.

Mr. L. J. Cochran and Mr. Benjamin Hall had novel exhibits of Angora Goats, 4 in each exhibit. They are beautiful animals, their long glossy hair being particularly white and cleanly appearing.

There was the greatest showing of pigs that the fair has ever had, there being about 112 in all. Fully a dozen sows with litters were on exhibition, the largest number of little ones in a pen being 18. One black sow had a litter of 6 white ones. The display was so much larger than former years that a dozen extra pens had to be erected.

Rev. John Cornell of Portsmouth had an exhibit of Horned Dorset sheep, which were fine animals, and rather a rare specie.

No finer display of cattle was ever

seen at a fair than that sent from Glen Farm and Oakland Farm. The blooded stock from these two model farms was entirely in keeping with the reputation that had preceded them. The stalls were constantly surrounded by admiring spectators, including a great many men who are owners of horned stock, and therefore thoroughly appreciated the good points of the animals exhibited.

Smith Farm also had a handsome display of cattle, which was clean, well bred stock.

A donkey by the name of Maude, owned by Mr. Benjamin Hall, made fun for the old and young, and when the children tried to ride on her back she made things lively for them. This, of course, was very pleasing to them and caused much merriment.

Wyatt's candy table was liberally patronized, being located in the annex.

Fraser's ice cream was on sale throughout the week in the annex and Mrs. D. Frank Hall served a lunch to all who desired it.

Mrs. E. E. Pearson of Newport had a Princess loom machine on exhibition. It turned out some beautiful torchon tumbling, which was quick to attract the eye.

The A. C. Titus Company exhibited the Crawford range.

The J. H. Barney, Jr., & Co. had an exhibit of Woodbury pianos, which attracted a great deal of attention.

The Worcester Salt Co. of New York had a unique exhibit in the west room of the main building, and visitors were given little souvenir bags of table salt.

The preserve department was one of the most attractive spots on the grounds. There was a sharp competition between Mrs. Charles Cory and Mrs. J. L. Harrington. Each had a large display of delicious looking fruits and pickles put up in a manner to make one wish to partake of them. The premiums were mostly divided between Mrs. Cory and Mrs. Harrington.

There was a nice line of butter from various farms. While it was all of the best, the print butter was delicious looking.

The United States Agricultural Experiment Station at Kingston had a fine exhibit, including the State gypsy moth work. As usual this proved of much interest to the farmers, as the entomological department shows many insects which are destructive to the trees and vegetables, and through which the farmers suffer serious loss at yielding time. Special attention was paid to the gypsy and brown-tail moth, which at the present time are ravaging certain sections of the State.

Mr. Arthur Todd had a supply of delicious honey, both in the comb and extracted.

Miss Beruice Altman of Newport rendered a pleasing programme of music each afternoon.

### 100 Years Old.

An hundred years is a long time, yet the Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, will to-morrow have reached that age. This organization had its beginning Sept. 16, 1806, when a few of the faithful formed the organization in this city. It was started as Hiram Chapter, but the name was soon after changed to Newport Chapter. Since then there has always been an organization of the higher branch of Masonry in this city, though for many years, during the anti-Masonic period, it lay dormant.

The hundredth birthday of Newport Chapter will be observed the coming week. To-morrow evening at 7 o'clock the members will assemble at Masonic Hall and march in a body to the First Presbyterian Church, where a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be delivered by Rev. Compton Aquilla Webb, pastor of the church, and an historical address will be delivered by Past Grand High Priest Hon. Robert S. Franklin, of Newport Chapter. The music for the occasion will be given by a Masoule quartette. The exercises will be of a peculiarly interesting character.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 18, the celebration will be concluded by a banquet at Masonic Hall, at which there will be present the Grand Master of Masons in this State, the Grand High Priest and other distinguished companions of the Order. The post-prandial exercises will be of a very interesting character.

The committee having this celebration in charge are E. Herbert Bliss, chairman; T. T. Bowler, secretary and treasurer; E. H. P. Geo. C. Lawton, E. R. W. Curry, E. Jos. Gibson, Clark Burdick, R. S. Burlingame, A. C. Griffith, A. B. Commerford, A. K. McMahon, Henry G. Riley, Chas. S. McDann, Wm. Champlin, David Davis and Geo. Melville.

Mr. Helmes Jouvet, of the MERCURY Office, is enjoying his annual vacation.

### Wedding Bells.

#### Fullam-French.

The Methodist Church was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Mabel Annie French, youngest daughter of Mrs. Harriet Newell French, and Mr. Frank Fullam of Parlin, N. J. The church was handsomely decorated with palms and flowers.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her brother, Dr. Charles E. French of Lowell, Mass. She wore a handsome princess dress of white satin, en train, trimmed with Renaissance lace and pearl embroidery. She wore a long tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley and stephanotis. She wore a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom.

Miss Jessie Chamberlain, a niece of the groom, and Miss Margaret Blair of Springfield, Mass., were the bridesmaids. They wore dresses of accordeon pleated pink liberty silk and carried bouquets of pink and white asters. Miss Izora Scott, of New York, was the maid of honor. She wore a gown of Renaissance lace over white tulle with trimmings of rosebud embroidery. She carried a bouquet of pink and white asters. The ushers were Messrs. J. Roy Robbins and George A. Granberry, of New York; Fred Smith, of Taunton, and William R. Boone, of this city.

A reception followed, which was largely attended, guests being present from New York, New Jersey, Boston, Taunton and Springfield, Mass.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fullam will spend their wedding trip in the White Mountains. They will reside in Parlin, N. J.

#### Barker-Monteith.

Miss Violet Charlotte Monteith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Monteith, was married to Mr. Edgar A. Barker of New York at the home of the bride's parents on Webster street Monday evening. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion, the ceremony taking place under a floral arch. Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony which was witnessed by a large company of relatives and friends.

The bride wore a dress of white silk trimmed with polka lace and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Benjamin B. Barker, a sister of the bride, was matron of honor. She wore a dress of white costume chiffon. Miss Emma B. Barker, sister of the groom, and Miss Ida H. Verbas, both of New York, were the bridesmaids. They wore dresses of white corded silk and swathes of light blue.

Mr. Archibald Monteith, a brother of the bride, performed the duties of best man.

A reception followed and congratulations were extended to the newly-wedded couple. A collation was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker left on the New York boat and were given a jolly send-off. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Barker will reside in Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Murray-Easton.

The wedding of Miss Annie Howard Easton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Easton, to Mr. Josiah L. Murray took place at the home of the bride on Spring street Monday evening. There was a large gathering present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Edgar F. Jones of Providence, a former pastor of the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and flowers. The bride wore a dress of white silk trimmed with lace and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was unattended, as was also the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray left on the Fall River boat for a short wedding trip and were accompanied to the wharf by a jolly party.

#### Woodland-Nilsson.

Miss Lillian E. Nilsson, daughter of Mrs. H. M. Nilsson of Church street was married to Mr. Louis A. Woodland at Kay Chapel Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, assistant rector of Trinity Church, officiating. The bride wore a white Etan suit with picture hat. Miss Emmie Nilsson, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid and wore a white princess gown with costume chiffon and a picture hat with black. Mr. James Atchison of New Bedford, Mass., was the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodland left for New York on their wedding trip and on their return will reside on Warm street.

The two weeks' fair for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church, which will close to-night, has been a great financial success. The attendance has been large and money has been spent liberally.

# THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...  
**Louis Tracy,**

Author of  
"The Wings of the Morning"

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## CHAPTER XVI.

THEY were interrupted. Elsie, with her golden hair and big blue eyes, pink cheeks and parted lips, appeared on the stairs. All that was visible was her head. She looked like one of Murillo's angels.

"Please, can Mamie 'n' me see the man?" she asked, a trifle awed. She did not expect to encounter a stern-faced official in uniform.

"What man, dearie?" he said, and instantly the child gained confidence, with that prompt abandonment to a favorable first impression which marks the exceeding wisdom of children and dogs.

She directed an encouraging sotto voce down the stairs:

"Come right 'long, Mamie."

Then she answered, clasping the hand Pyne extended to her, but eying Brand the while:

"The man who brought the milk."

She wondered why they laughed, but the lighthouse keeper caught her up in his arms.

"He has gone away, sweetheart," he said, "but when he comes in the morning I shall send for you, and you will see him. You are the little girl who was injured, eh? Are you getting better?"

Elsie, having seen Mamie safely extracted from the stairway, became voluble.

"My elbow is stiff, but it doesn't hurt. I was a bit pretty bad 'fore the milk came, but Mamie 'n' me had a lovely bit of some beautiful jelly. Pity, wasn't it, Mamie?"

"Squidward," agreed Mamie.

"I think it's a bit better here if there was more of it," said the child. "And why isn't there any washin'? Mamie 'n' me is always 'help' washed 'cept when we're here."

"Surely you have not kept your face as clean as it is now ever since you left the ship?"

"Oh, no," put in Mamie. "We've just been rubbed with a hanky."

"And sent out to pay a call?"

"Not 'actly," said truthful Mamie.

"Mr. Pyne told us to wait near the door."

"That's an old story now," intervened Pyne quickly. "Climb up on my shoulder and have a look at the sea. Perhaps there may be a ship too."

"What did Mr. Pyne tell you?" whispered Brand, pretending to make a secret of it with Elsie.

"There didn't seem to be 'nuff to eat," she explained seriously, "so Mr. Pyne kep' a bit of biscuit in his pocket, an' Mamie 'n' me had a chew every time we saw him."

"H'm!" murmured the man, glancing up at his young friend as he walked around the trimming stage with the delighted Mamie. "I suppose he asked you not to tell anybody?"

"We wasn't to tell Miss Constance or Miss Elsie. An' they told us we wasn't to tell him about the sweet stuff they put in our tea. That is all. Fanny, isn't it?"

Brand knew that these little ones were motherless. His eyes dimmed somewhat. Like all self-contained men, he detested any exhibition of sentiment.

"I say," he cried busily to Pyne, "you must escort your friends back to their quarters. No more idling, please."

"An' you will really send for us to-morrow to see the milkman?" said Elsie. Notwithstanding his sudden gruffness she was not afraid of him. She looked longingly at the great lamp and the twinkling diamonds of the dioptric lens.

"Yes, I will not forget. Goodbye, now, dearie."

The visit of the children had given him a timely reminder. As these two were now, so had his own loved ones been in years that might not be recalled.

The nest would soon be empty, the young birds flown. He realized that he would not be many days ashore before the young American to whom he had taken such a liking would come to him and put forward a more enduring claim to Constance than Mr. Traill must resign himself to these things, though no man ever lost two daughters under stranger conditions.

When Pyne returned, Brand was ready for him. The struggle was sharp, but it had ended.

"I would like you to read your uncle's letter," he said. "I am clear in my own mind as to the right course to adopt. If Mr. Traill wishes to win Elsie's affections he will not take her by surprise. Indeed, he himself recognizes this element in the situation. You will not rush away from Penzance at once, I take it?"

"No, sir," said Pyne, with a delightful certainty of negation that caused a smile to brighten his hearer's face.

"I may not get clear of the rock for several days. There is much to place in order here. When the relief comes I must help the men to make things shipshape. Meanwhile, Stanhope—or Constance, whom you can take into your confidence—will smooth the way."

"No, sir," interrupted Pyne, even more emphatically. "When you come to know my uncle you will find that he plays the game all the time. If Elsie is to be given a new parent, the old one will make the gift. And that's a fact."

Brand waived the point.

"The girls have plenty to endure here without having this surprise sprung on them," he said. "I will write to Mr. Traill and leave events ashore in his hands."

So for a night and the better part of a day the pillar locked in its recesses some new doubts and cogitations. As between the two men a stronger bond

of sympathy was created. Pyne in those restless hours was admirably tactful. He talked a great deal of his uncle. Soon not only Brand, but the two girls, seemed to be well acquainted with a man they had never met.

With the morning tide, the anarchy of the waves ceased. The children were brought to the lantern to witness a more majestic sight than the arrival of the "milkman." With the dawn the sun appeared, and the sea seemed to sink into long deferred slumber under his potency.

The flood tide of the afternoon brought the unfailing tug, towing the Penzance lifeboat. The crane was swung out, and Jack Stanhope, as was his right, was first to be hoisted to the entrance and to exchange a hearty hand grip with Brand.

Behind the lighthouse keeper were ranged many faces, but not that which the sailor sought.

"Where is Elsie?" he asked after the first words of congratulation were spoken. "Have you told her?"

"No. Here is Mr. Pyne. He will take you to the girls and tell you what we have decided."

The two young men looked at each other with frank friendliness.

"When we have a minute to spare you must take me to the gallery and explain just how you worked that trick," said Stanhope. "Brand's semaphore was to the point, but it omitted details."

"That is where I have the pull of you," responded Pyne, with equal cordiality. "I don't require any telling about your work yesterday."

"Oh, people make such a fuss. What is there remarkable in guiding a boat through a rough sea?"

"I may be wrong, but it looks a heap harder than swarming up a pole."

In such wise did young Brand and young America pool the idea that they had done aught heroic.

Indeed, their brief talk dealt next with Elsie, and Lieutenant Stanhope, R. N., did not think he was outraging conventionality when he found Elsie in the kitchen and took her in his arms and kissed her.

Constance and Pyne discovered that the tug as seen through the window was a very interesting object.

"You don't feel at all lonesome?" he murmured to her.

"Not in the least."

"It must do a fellow a heap of good to meet his best girl under such circumstances."

"Mr. Stanhope and my sister have been the greatest of friends for years."

"Is it possible to catch up? The last few days on the rock ought to figure high in averages."

"Jack," cried Constance, finding this direct attack somewhat disconcerting, "did my father say that any arrangements were to be made for housing?"

"Yes, miss," interposed a sailor at the door. "The skipper's orders are, 'Women an' children to muster on the lower deck.'"

Then began a joyous yet strangely pathetic procession, headed by Elsie and Mamie, who were carried downstairs by the newly arrived lighthouse men. The children cried and refused to be comforted until Pyne descended with them to the lifeboat. The women followed in terrible plight, notwithstanding the wraps sent them on the previous day. Each as she passed Stephen Brand bade him farewell and tearfully asked the Lord to bless him and his.

Among them came Mrs. Vansittart. Her features were veiled more closely than ever. While she stood behind the others in the entrance her glance was fixed immovably on Brand's face. No Sibylline prophetic could have striven more eagerly to wrest the secrets of his soul from its lineaments. Nevertheless when he turned to her with his pleasant smile and parting words of comfort she averted her eyes, uttered an incoherent phrase of thanks for his kindness and seemed to be unduly terrified by the idea that she must be swung into the lifeboat by the crane.

She held out her hand. It was cold and trembling.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently, patting her on the shoulder as one might reassure a timid child. "Sit down and hold the rope. The basket cannot possibly be overturned."

Pyne, helping to unload the tremulous passengers beneath, noted the lady's attitude and added a fresh memorandum to the stock he had already accumulated.

"Who is that?" asked Brand from the purser, who stood beside him.

"Mrs. Vansittart."

Brand experienced a momentary surprise.

"She seemed to avoid me," he thought, but the incident did not linger in his mind.

The lifeboat, rising and falling on the strong and partly broken swell, required the most expert management if the weary people on the rock were to be taken off in safety.

When Constance and Elsie, followed by Stanhope, reached the boat after giving Brand a farewell hug, there was no more room. The crew pulled toward the waiting vessel, and here a specially prepared gangway rendered the work of transshipment easy.

Mr. Traill was leaning over the bulwark as the lifeboat ranged alongside. He singled out Pyne at once and gave him a cheery cry of recognition. At first he could not distinguish Mrs. Vansittart, and indeed it must be confessed that he was striving most earnestly to destroy one face which had come back to him out of the distant years.

When his glance fell on Elsie, his nephew, who was thinking how best to act under the circumstances, was assured that the father saw in the girl

the living embodiment of her mother.

He thought it would be so. His own recollection of his aunt's portraits had already helped him to this conclusion.

And how much more startling must a flesh and blood creation be than the effort of an artist to place on canvas the fugitive expression which constitutes the greatest charm of a mobile countenance.

Elsie, having heard so much about Mr. Pyne's uncle, was innocently curious to meet him. At first she was vaguely bewildered. The sunken eyes were fixed on hers with an intensity that gave her a momentary sense of embarrassment. Luckily the exigencies of the hour offered slight scope to emotion. All things were unrelent, out of drawing with previous experiences of her well ordered life. The irregular swaying of the boat and the tug seemed to typify the new phase.

Pyne swung himself to the steamer's deck before the gangway was made fast, thereby provoking a loud outcry from the deserted children.

Grasping his uncle's hand, he said: "Wait until you read Brand's letter. No one else knows."

So Mr. Traill, with fine self control, greeted Mrs. Vansittart affectionately and handed her over to a stewardess, who took her to a cabin specially prepared for her. Her low spoken words were not quite what he expected.

"Don't kiss me," she murmured, "and please don't look at me. In my present condition I cannot bear it."

Relatives of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, many of whom were waiting in Penzance, were not allowed on board. This arrangement was made by Mr. Traill after consulting a local committee organized to help the unfortunate who needed help so greatly. The unanimous opinion was expressed that a few lady members of the committee, supplied with an abundance of clothing, etc., would afford prompt relief to the sufferers, while the painful scenes which must follow the meeting of survivors with their friends would cause confusion and delay on the vessel.

Pyne, watching all things, saw that Mrs. Vansittart did not meet his uncle with the eagerness of a woman restored to the arms of the man she was about to marry.

She was distraught, aloof in her manner, apparently interested only in his eager assurance that she would find an assortment of new garments in the cabin.

The millionaire himself was too flustered to draw nice distinctions between the few words she spoke and what he

expected her to say. When she quitted him he walked toward the group of young people. They were laughing, exchanging news and banter as if all that had gone before were the events of a lively picnic. At last he met Elsie.

Pyne introduced his uncle, and it was a trying experience for him to stand face to face with his daughter. In each quick flash of her delighted eyes, in every tone of her sweet voice, in every winsome smile and graceful gesture, he caught and vivified long dormant memories of his greatly loved wife of nineteen years ago.

Somewhat he was glad Mrs. Vansittart had not lingered by his side. The discovery of Elsie's identity involved considerations so complex and utterly unforeseen that he needed time and anxious thought to arrange his plans for the future.

The animated bustle on deck prevented anything in the nature of sustained conversation. Luckily Mr. Traill himself, whose open handed generosity had made matters easy for the reception committee, was in constant demand.

Mrs. Sheppard had sent a portmanteau for Constance and Elsie, so they, too, soon scurried below with the others.

The lifeboat returned to the rock, where the four lighthouse men sent to relieve Brand were now helping the sailors to carry the injured men downstairs and assisting the sick to reach the entrance.

As soon as this second batch was transferred to the tug the vessel started for Penzance. The Trinity tender would land the others.

There was a scene of intense enthusiasm when the steamer reached the dock. The vociferous cheering of the townspeople smothered the deep agony of some who waited there, knowing all too well they would search in vain for their loved ones among these whom death had spared.

The two girls modestly escaped at the earliest moment from the shed used as a reception room. All the inhabitants knew them personally or by sight. They attracted such attention that they gladly relinquished to other hands any further charge of the shipwrecked people. So after a few words of farewell for the hour Stanhope piloted them to a waiting carriage and drove away with them.

Mrs. Vansittart did not emerge from her cabin until the deck was deserted. She found Mr. Traill looking for her. In a neat black dress and feather hat she was reestablished.

"Why didn't you show up earlier?" he asked in good humored surprise. "The breeze on deck was first rate. It blew in the color into many a pale cheek."

And the way in which the crowd let itself go was splendid. Look at these waiting thousands, quivering yet with excitement!"

"I am worn out," she said quietly. "Take me to your hotel. You have engaged rooms there, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"When do you purpose leaving Penzance?"

"Well—er—that is part of the explanation I promised you."

"We can talk matters over in the hotel. Where is your nephew?"

For the first time he marked her air of constraint.

"Believe me, Elsie," he said hurriedly, "that what I have to tell you will come as a great surprise, but it should be a very pleasant one."

"Anything that gratifies you will be welcomed by me," she said simply. "You have not said where Charlie is."

"Hiding in that shed. He refused Mr. Stanhope's offer of a rigout on board. In his present disguise he passes as a stoker, and everybody wants to see the man who saved all of you."

"Have you a closed carriage here?"

"Yes."

"Let us go. Charlie can come with us."

Again he was conscious of a barrier between them, but he attributed her mood to the strain she had undergone.

In the shed they found Pyne. With him were the orphaned children; there was none to meet them. Kind offers were made to care for them until their relatives should be forthcoming, but the man to whom they clung would not listen to any such proposal.

"I guess they're happy with me," he said. "I will see them through their present trouble."

Childlike, they had eyes and ears only for the prevalent excitement. At last Elsie asked him:

"Where's mamma? You said she was sick. But the men haven't carried her off the ship, an' she wasn't in the boat."

"Don't you worry, Elsie," he said. "I'm going to take you to a big house where you will find everything fixed just right."

His uncle and Mrs. Vansittart approached. The lady's face was no longer hidden.

"What are you going to do with those children?" she inquired.

"There's none here to claim them," he said. "I can't let them leave me in that haphazard way."

"Let me help you. It is a woman's privilege."

She stooped toward the tiny mites.

"You dear little babes," she said softly. "I can take mother's place for a time."

They knew her quite well, of course, and she seemed to be so much kinder and nicer now in her smart clothes than she was in the crowded disorder of the bedroom.

Mamie looked at Elsie, and the self-reliant Elsie said valiantly: "Mamie 'n' me'll be glad if Mr. Pyne comes too."

Mr. Traill, who had never before seen tears in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes, found a ready excuse for her womanly sympathy.

"It seems to me," he said genially, "we are all of one mind. Come this way, Elsie. And mind you stick close to us, Charlie, or the ball porter will throw you out if you attempt to enter the hotel in that costume."

He smiled on cheerfully, telling them how clothes and milliners and all the storekeepers in the town, if they were needed, would wait on them at the hotel.

"In a couple of hours," he said, "you both can obtain sufficient things to render you presentable for a day or two. Don't forget we dine at 8. We ought to be a jolly party. I have asked Stanhope and his mother and those two girls to join us."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Vansittart faintly. "You must excuse me. I—"

"Now, Elsie, my dear, you will not desert us tonight. Why, it seemed to me to be the only way in which we could all come together at once. I am only too sorry that Mr. Brand cannot be present. Surely he might have been spared from further duty at the lighthouse after what he has endured."

"They offered to relieve him at once, but he declined," said Pyne.

He looked out of the window of the carriage in which they were driving to the hotel. Constance had told him of the dinner arrangement, but he wished to ascertain if the definite absence of the lighthouse keeper would tend to reassure Mrs. Vansittart.

He was not mistaken. She did not reply at once. When she spoke, it was with a sigh of relief.

"I will not be very entertaining, I fear, but the young people will have plenty to tell you."

"For goodness sake, Elsie, don't class yourself among the old fogies!" cried Mr. Traill. "Look at me—fifty-five and lively as a grasshopper."

"Please, is Mamie an' me 'vited, too?" whispered Elsie to Pyne.

"You two chicks will be curled up among the feathers at 8 o'clock," he told her. "Don't you go and worry 'bout any dinner parties. The sooner you go to sleep the quicker you'll wake up in the morning, and then we're going out to hunt for what do you think?"

"Candies," said Mamie.

"Togs," cried Elsie, going one better. "We're just going to find two of the loveliest and frillest and pinkiest cheeked dolls you ever saw. They'll have blue eyes as big as yours, Elsie, and their lips will be as red and round as yours, Mamie. They'll talk and say—and say all sorts of things when you pinch their little waists. So you two hurry up after you've had your supper, say your prayers and close your eyes, and when you open them you'll be able to yell for me to find that doll store mighty sharp."

"Say, Charlie," cried his uncle, "I never heard you reel off a screw like that before. Now, if I didn't know you were a confirmed young bachelor I would begin to have suspicions. Anyhow here's the hotel."

Two hours later, when uncle and nephew met in the private sitting room, where busy waiters were making preparations for dinner, Traill drew the younger man to the privacy of a window recess.

"Charlie," he confided, "affairs are in a tangle. Do you realize that my marriage was fixed for today?"

"That's so," was the unspoken answer.

"Of course the wedding was postponed by fate, and, to add to my perplexities, there is a new attitude on Mrs. Vansittart's part. It puzzles me. We have been friends for some years, as you know. It seemed to be a perfectly natural outcome of our mutual liking for each other that we should agree to pass our declining years together. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but she makes no secret of her age, and the match was a suitable one in every respect."

"You can see as far through a stone wall as most people."

Pyne knew that his uncle's sharp eyes were regarding him steadily, but he continued to gaze into the street.

There was a moment's hesitation before Mr. Traill growled:

"You young dog, you have seen it too. Mrs. Vansittart avoids me. Something has happened. She has changed her mind. Do you think she has heard about Edith?"

"Edith! Oh, of course—Elsie must be christened afresh. No; that isn't it. It would not be fair to you to say that I think you are mistaken; but, from what I know of the lady, I feel sure she will meet you fairly when the time comes."

"Ah, you agree with me, then?"

"In admitting a doubt—in advising the delay you have already suggested—yes."

"She told you I had written?"

"More than that. She asked me if I was aware of its explanation."

"And, you said?"

"Exactly what I said to you. You are both sensible people. I can hardly imagine that any misunderstanding can exist after an hour's talk."

Mr. Traill looked at his watch. A carriage stopped at the hotel.

"There's Stanhope and his mother," cried Pyne. So his uncle hurried off to receive his guests.

Lady Margaret was a well preserved woman of aristocratic pose, but her serenity was disturbed. Although the land was ringing with the fame of her son's exploit, and her mother's heart was throbbing with pride, there had been fearful hours of vigil for her. Not without a struggle had she abandoned her hope that she would make a well endowed match.

When Constance and Elsie arrived she was very stately and dignified, scrutinizing with all a mother's lucidity, the girl who had caused her to capitulate.

But Elsie scored a prompt success. She swept aside the almost unconscious reserve with which Jack's mother greeted her.

"You knew," she murmured wistfully. "We did not. They would not tell us. If you must have suffered until the news came that he had escaped."

Lady Margaret drew the timid girl nearer and kissed her.

"My dear," she whispered, "I am beginning to understand why Jack loves you. He is my only son, but you are worthy of him."

Mrs. Vansittart's appearance created a timely diversion. She had obtained a black lace dress. It accentuated the settled pallor of her face, but she was perfectly self possessed and uttered a nice womanly compliment to the two girls, who wore white demitoid costumes.

"You look delightful!" she said. "When all is said and done we women should never despise our wardrobe. That marvelous lighthouse had one grave defect in my eyes. It was dreadfully callous to feminine requirements."

Here was a woman rejuvenated, restored to her natural surroundings. They accounted for the subtle change in her by the fact that they had seen her hitherto under unfavorable conditions. Even Pyne, not wholly pleased with her in the past, found his critical judgment yielding when she apologized sweetly to Lady Margaret for her tardiness.

"There were two children saved from the wreck. Poor little mites, how they revelled in a hot bath! I could not leave them until they were asleep."

"I needed two hot baths," said Pyne. "No. I dug me out of the shell, and No. 2 helped me to recognize myself."

During dinner there was much to tell and to hear. Mrs. Vansittart said little, save to interpose a word now and then when Constance or Elsie would have skimmed too lightly the record of their own services.

They did not hurry over the meal. All were in the best possible spirits, and the miseries of the Gulf Rock might never have existed for this lively company were it not that four among them bore clear tokens of the deprivations they had endured.

A waiter interrupted their joyous chatter at its highest. He bent over Mr. Traill and discreetly conveyed some communication.

"I am delighted," cried the millionaire heartily. "Show him in at once."

He rose from his chair to do honor to an unexpected guest.

"You will all be pleased to hear," he explained, "that Mr. Brand is ashore and has come to see us."

Mrs. Vansittart stifled the cry on her lips. The slight color which had crept into her pale cheeks yielded to a deathly blue. It seemed that the others were looking expectantly toward the door and did not notice her.

Brand entered. In acknowledging Mr. Traill's cordial welcome he suitably explained his presence.

"My superiors sent me emphatic orders to clear out," he said, "so I had no option but to obey. I conveyed Mr. Emmett to suitable quarters and hastened home, but found that the girls were playing truant. My housekeeper insisted that I should eat, else she would not be satisfied that I still lived, but I came here as quickly as possible."

At that instant his glance, traveling from one to another of those present, fell on Mrs. Vansittart.

He stood as if transfixed. The kindly words of his host, the outspoken gleam of the girls





Established by Franklin in 1755.

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, September 15, 1906.

If the energy and time now being wasted by the Cubans in foolish uprisings and revolutions were applied to the tobacco fields the little island would soon become one of the garden spots of the world.

It would be more profitable in the end to run our factories full blast every day in the year and give away the surplus products in free trade countries than to be idle and buy foreign wares cheap, or even accept them as a free gift.

Hearst has been nominated for Governor of New York. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Hearst's follower cheered his nomination for half an hour. He is put in the fight in opposition to both Republican and Democratic parties.

A policy which will transfer work from our mines and factories to foreign mines and factories will inevitably depress wages in this country. The more work there is to do in this country, the higher the wages paid for doing it. That policy which secures the largest amount of work to be done at home is the policy which will insure to the laboring men steady work at the best wages.

It looks as though the Democrats of this State were in a quandary as to a candidate for Governor this fall. Mayor Higgins of Pawtucket, it is said, does not care for the honor this year, as he believes that it will be an empty one. Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald did not care to give up his practice. Ex-Senator Thurston of Providence has the Mayorship in his bonnet. So there seems to be nobody left but ex-Gov. Garvin. He is always willing.

New York has acquired 692 miles of improved roads under the \$50,000,000 State appropriation, while plans have been accepted for 1550 miles, and work on 5450 miles is recommended. The State bears only a part of the cost, so the prospect of good roads in New York is excellent. Rhode Island is doing equally as good work along this line. The time will come when it will be possible to go from one part of the country to another on good smooth macadamized roads.

A Southern Democrat writes the N. Y. Sun a very mournful letter to the effect that just as the down-trodden Democracy had begun to sooth its pain of repeated defeat with the faith that it had a leader now to take the party to sure success, that just as Bryan was apparently making rapid headway to the highest chair in the nation, its hopes must fall with his foolish fancy of Government ownership of railroads. "Every sane voter knows," he says, "the obvious horrors of Government ownership of railroads. The one and one-quarter million of railroad employees will unite against this policy just as they would unite under a party in power to perpetuate its control should such a failure be accomplished. We gravely fear our Peerless Leader may consistently spend abroad the two years immediately following the election of 1908." How sad!

To the ordinary mind it seems hardly conceivable that any newspaper in this city, or any body of men, could be trying daily to compass the defeat of George Peabody Wetmore for re-election to the United States Senate, and above all a paper that professes to be working for the interests of Newport, and daily berating people because they do not do more for the city. Here is a man in the person of Senator Wetmore, who has done more for Newport in Congress than any other man the State ever sent there, and who if re-elected will be in a position to do more in the next six years than he has done in the past. And yet these same parties lose no opportunity to be little him by innuendoes and insinuations, when they do not dare to come out openly and announce their opposition.

We repeat what we have said many times before and what we know is correct: There is no serious opposition in the Republican ranks to Senator Wetmore's re-election. More than four-fifths of the party are for him first, last and all the time, and if the Senator's home city and county stand by him solidly he cannot be beaten by the Soddard fusion nor by any other opposition.

**Voting for Confusion.**

Upon what ground of reason or logic can the Democratic Party ask the thoughtful voters of this country to elect a Democratic House of Representatives in the coming Fall elections? Why should the people turn out to power the Republican Party which has a record of good work accomplished and real instead of a majority of Democrats who can accomplish nothing themselves, and can only prevent something being done by others?

In the first place, no possible good to the Democratic Party itself could come of electing a Democratic House. In the second place, it would result in absolute injury to Democrats as well as Republicans. All the interests of the country, in which Democrats as well as Republicans are concerned, would feel the ill effects of splitting the re-

sponsibility of the dominant party in Congress. Just as Democrats, North and South, are sharing in the benefits of Republican legislative policies enacted into law, so would Democrats as well as Republicans fear the effects of a change for the worse. Such a change certainly would follow the defeat of the Republicans in the Congress elections.

President Roosevelt has given the present Republican Congress a certificate of character. He says the session just closed accomplished more general good for the people at large than any session of any other Congress he has ever known. He promises solemnly that the good work shall go on if the people entrust the Republicans with continued authority. He shows how it would be impossible for the Republicans to keep up the good work, however, if a tickle electorate cripples the Republican Congress by making the lower body Democratic.

Some thoughtless voters may not pause to think that in voting for a Democratic candidate for Congress they would be voting for a "new deal" in Congress. They would only be voting for confusion. They would not be "turning the Republicans out," they would only be turning the Democrats into the House, for the Senate still remains Republican and no party legislation would be possible with a divided Congress.

The sensible business-like way as well as patriotic course would seem to be to sustain the Republican House, give the Administration the necessary authority to work out its policies, and then demand an accounting in the next election for its failure if any there shall be. The Republicans will welcome such a challenge. If they do not make good they will be willing to pay the penalty. But in plain justice, they cannot be held to account if they are not vested with full power in the lower branch of Congress.

**Recent Deaths.**

Mrs. John Clarke.

Mrs. Lydia Wyman Clarke, widow of Mr. John Clarke, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow, on Main avenue, Thursday morning after a long illness. Mrs. Clarke had been in poor health for a long time. She was of a bright, cheerful nature and had many friends.

Three daughters survive her: Mrs. George C. Stoddard, Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow and Miss Sarah W. Clarke.

The annual meeting of the Newport Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis was held on Monday afternoon. The annual report told of the work that had been done during the year and of what it is hoped to accomplish. The annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

**Middletown.**

TWO MORE DEATHS.—Last week witnessed the occurrence of two more deaths in Middletown. At noon on Thursday, Stephen F. Weaver, who had for many years resided with Joshua Coggeshall, on the West Main Road, passed away. His previous sickness began in February and gradually exhausted his vitality. Mr. Weaver was the son of Benoit and Mary Weaver, who for a long time occupied and improved the farm on Brown's Lane now comprising St. Columba's Cemetery. Upon the death of his father, Mr. Weaver succeeded to the management of the farm which continued until the death of his mother in 1876. Soon after partition of the farm was made and then followed a change of proprietors. Mr. Weaver purchased a smaller farm in Portsmouth, which he continued to cultivate until a short period before his death. Although past four score years he was remarkably active and vigorous prior to his last sickness, being seen regularly day by day going from his residence to his farm and returning again, involving a walk of a mile and one-half. He was a thrifty farmer of the old school, always diligent, prudent and sagacious in the management of his various enterprises. While decided and positive in his opinions, he exhibited a vein of humor which tended to render his company and conversation agreeable and engaging. His funeral took place on Saturday, at which Rev. James H. Dennis of Portsmouth officiated.

On Friday afternoon Philip Peckham expired very suddenly at his fishing shanty on Sachuest Beach, soon after coming ashore with his boat. Dr. Stewart, the Medical Examiner, ascribed the cause of death to apoplexy. Mr. Peckham had for many years been engaged in fishing. He was the son of the late Philip Peckham, who was tenant of the Benjamin Easton farm on Easton's Point, for a number of years. Mr. Peckham married Miss Lida W. Smith and resided on Aquidneck Avenue. He was a man of general information, giving much of his unoccupied time to reading and study of public questions. Especially in matters relating to the proper sanitation of cities and towns he held some very sound and sensible ideas. When Middletown was suffering from the swill scourge, he was one of the first to protest against the objectionable practice of carrying off swill to sea and having it return to the shores of Middletown, with all its defilements. He claimed that such a practice was unsanitary and was detrimental to his own calling as a fisherman. He justly condemned all methods of sanitation, adopted only because cheap, and which owing to inefficiency were both a peril to health and a drawback to business. On other public questions Mr. Peckham entertained and expressed opinions, original and well defined.

**Real Estate Sales and Rentals.**

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Heir of the late John H. Crosby a lot of 6,300 square feet of land at corner of Jay Street and Friendship Street to Lindsey Walker.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease to Le Roy S. Hull, Warrant Officer at the U. S. Torpedo Station, Samuel McAdams' house at No. 78 Division street, between Church and Mill streets.

**School Committee.**

The first meeting of the school committee since the summer vacation was held on Monday evening but as that was the first day of the fall term there was not a great deal of business ready for consideration.

Superintendent Lull stated that he had not prepared a formal report, but he reported verbally as to the condition of the schools. He had issued 269 permits as against 261 at the same time last year. The total enrollment on the opening day was 3,190, which is 45 less than in 1905 and 37 more than in 1904.

Some of the schools are over-crowded and considerable re-adjustment will be necessary. The greatest pressure comes in Grade VIII, which promises to be well filled throughout the year. The boundaries temporarily fixed for the new Thayer school were found not to be satisfactory and will have to be changed.

On recommendation of the committee on textbooks the rules were suspended and two new text books were adopted. "An Introduction to the Study of Chemistry," by Ira Remsen, was substituted for the present "Elements of Chemistry," and there was also a change made in the German text books in use in the High School.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Professor Agassiz for his gift of \$1000 to the scientific department and the secretary was instructed to so inform Professor Agassiz. Two pupils in the lower grades were granted certain exemptions on the recommendation of physicians, and the son of Mr. A. E. Burland was transferred back to his former school.

In executive session the following business was transacted:

Resignations of Miss Ellen R. Manchester, Cranston VI, and Mrs. Louise A. (Van Horn) Miller, Edward-Farewell I, accepted.

Voted, to transfer Miss Helen M. Ward from Coggeshall IV to Cranston IV at \$440.

Voted to elect Miss Agnes E. Agnew an assistant teacher in Coggeshall VI at \$440.

Voted to elect Miss Daisy H. Gleason to Edward-Farewell I, at \$440.

Voted to increase the salaries of Janitors W. H. James of the High School and Daniel J. Ayler of Edward-Farewell from \$400 to \$500, and to elect Joseph B. Pike janitor of the Thayer school at \$800. All the janitors were re-elected, the full list being as follows:

Rogers, George H. Young, \$800.  
Rogers, William H. James, \$500.  
Rogers, Samuel C. Bailey, engineer, \$800.  
Coddington, Arnold H. James, \$750.  
Leahy, Edmund G. Wilbur, \$625.  
Carey, William Gash, \$625.  
Clarke, Frank P. Gomez, \$600.  
Cranston, James G. Swinburne, \$600.  
Calvert, Alphonso Barker, \$625.  
Coggeshall, Henry H. Young, \$825.  
Potter and Calender, Roger W. Clarke, \$600.  
Edward-Farewell, Daniel J. Ayler, \$500.

Parish, Catherine Casey, \$100.  
Townsend and Coles, John H. Bennett, \$1,000.  
Townsend and Coles, Johanna Tracy, \$425.

Thayer, Joseph B. Pike, \$600.  
It was voted to again call the attention of the city council to the condition of the new Rogers High School building and grounds, as it is desirable that the city property be properly protected and kept in condition for use this winter.

**Killed by Train.**

Conductor Nickerson's train, due here at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening to connect with the boat for New York, struck and killed two persons a short distance north of the Fall River station. John F. Sullivan and his daughter Ellen were crossing the tracks when the train swept around the curve and struck them just as they had placed their feet on the first rail. Both were instantly killed and their bodies were dismembered. The train was stopped and the train hands at once made an investigation. An ambulance was summoned and the bodies of the victims were removed.

The two people were on their way to a place of entertainment close to the spot where they were killed. Owing to the music of the merry-go-round they did not hear the train approaching. The place where they were struck is not a public crossing and the train was running at its usual speed between stations.

Bellevue avenue from Bath road south was last week treated to a sprinkling of oil in an effort to allay the dust nuisance. For a time it seemed that the oil was more objectionable than the water, for before it had dried in there was an emphatic protest heard from those persons who had occasion to use the street. The mud spattered in all directions and wherever it struck it stayed. The odor was very unpleasant. Since giving time for the oil to become set however a different story has been heard. The odor doesn't seem to be very pronounced and there is no more mud. And best of all the dust stays laid.

Rev. Stanley Hughes, assistant rector of Trinity Church, has returned from his vacation.

Miss Kate Goddard and Miss Sarah E. Taylor are visiting friends in South Framingham, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miles have returned to Boston after a visit to Miss Hannah Stacy of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin will spend the autumn months in Newport.

**Washington Matters.**

Secretary Shaw Jolts the Stock Market—Newfoundland Fishing Rights Again Come up—Work for the Interstate Commerce Commission—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8, 1906.

Secretary Shaw this week administered a jolt to the stock market. He issued a notice to all the depository banks of the country that they would not be allowed to loan Government funds on call. This is a rather serious pronouncement coming from such a source and at such a time. As a matter of fact there has been a campaign started for a great bull market in New York. Secretary Shaw recently made a market, and a very profitable market too, for his Panama Canal bonds, by calling in and redistributing a large amount of money in the depository banks. Now that the bull campaign is on, Wall st. is feeling the need of ready funds and calls money for speculative purposes has reached an exorbitant figure, tempting many of the depository banks to make use of the money in their possession and reap the large interest that it now commands. Secretary Shaw's call down on the banks was as follows:

"I am advised that many banks scattered through the country are loaning their surplus funds through brokers and others in New York on call at high rates of interest.

"Money loaned on call is well high universally used for speculative purposes.

"I recognize the right of any individual to speculate in stocks and the legal right of any bank to loan money at appropriate rates of interest at home or abroad on ample security even with the knowledge that it is being used for speculative purposes.

"I am not willing, however, that Government money shall be enticed away from the locality where it has been deposited to be used in this way.

"Public deposits are made in aid of legitimate business as distinguished from the speculation whatever its nature.

"If you have more money than your community can appropriately absorb, please return it to the treasury, for it can be promptly placed where it will do much good."

This announcement had a severe effect on the market and call money promptly fell to 8 per cent.

This will be used by many interests as a further argument in favor of something like a scientific system of currency for this Government. It is not likely that we will ever acquire the English system with its central Government Bank, but it is generally admitted that the present system of helping the money market dependents entirely upon the personal judgment and goodwill of the Secretary or Treasurer is not a system that can be relied on in a crisis.

The century old question of Newfoundland fishing rights has come up again with the usual promise that it is going to be settled once for all. There has been more trouble than usual in the past season over the capture of American fishing vessels whose status had to be finally settled by correspondence between the State Department and the British Foreign Office. Now the Fish Commission has appointed A. B. Alexander as a special commissioner and has placed the tug Potomac at his disposal for a trip to Newfoundland where he will investigate the problem on the spot. Mr. Alexander will not start until the return of Secretary Root from his South American trip, for the Secretary will have to be put in touch with a good many phases of the situation in order to ultimately carry on his negotiations with Great Britain.

There might be more expectation of a successful outcome to the negotiations if it were not for the fact that Secretary Root is probably the most cordially hated American official when it comes to any dealing involving Canada and its outlying provinces. The Canadian people have never forgotten or forgiven his part in settling the Alaskan boundary dispute in London, and they will be exceedingly shy of giving their assent to any new treaty in which he has a hand. Naturally the British government does not want to anger Canada any more than necessary, and as they will not be satisfied with a new treaty, that falls short of giving everything to Newfoundland and nothing to the United States, the outlook for an amicable settlement is not much brighter than it was a hundred years ago.

The passage of the new rate law has made considerable work for the Interstate Commerce Commission. It will make more work before all the constitutional details of the new law are settled by the courts. There will be a continual series of hearings lasting well into the spring before the various transportation lines, pipe lines and express companies all have even had their first hearings.

One of the most curious cases that has yet developed was a complaint this week from one Eugene Walker, of Media, Pa., who stated that he had been blacklisted by the B. & O. R. R. because of patronizing a trolley line. It has been expected that there would be some complaint in this direction ever since the interurban trolley line became such serious competitors for the short haul passenger traffic on the railroads.

The complainant alleges that he and others patronized a trolley line paralleling the B. & O., and as a punishment the railroad induced the United States Express Company to withdraw certain package privileges they had previously enjoyed. The Interstate Commerce Commission will set a hearing for the case, but they say that there is little redress for the complainants, except in the issuance of an order for the express companies to treat all their patrons alike.

Scarcely has the appeal for funds in aid of the San Francisco Earthquake sufferers been forgotten when the United States is asked to contribute similar relief to Valparaiso. The appeal has been sent to the State Department by Mr. Hicks, the United States Minister to Chile, who says that the local situation is very distressing and that funds should be sent if possible by cable. It is true that the President issued a proclamation on the subject of Chilean contributions as soon as the news of the earthquake was received in this country. Agents of the Red Cross were also sent to the spot, but actual contributions have been exceedingly few. The State Department has been rather mortified at this failure to respond and hope is expressed that money in aid of the Chilean sufferers will soon be forthcoming in large quantities. The Chilean government has made no direct appeal for aid to this country, but it is known nevertheless that contributions would be received there with the deepest gratitude.

**Weather Bulletin.**

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Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 14 to 18, warm waves 13 to 17, cool wave 17 to 21. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 18, cross west of Rockies country by close of 19, great central valley 20 to 22, eastern states 23. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Sept. 18, great central valley 20, eastern states 22. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Sept. 21, great central valley 21, eastern states 25.

This disturbance will cause a great rise in temperatures following the very low temperatures that will prevail on and immediately following Sept. 15. From that time to end of the month no very low temperatures will occur and the last half of the month will average warmer than the first half.

I am not expecting dangerous storms to accompany this disturbance but its weather features will be more marked than is usual for September, except that rainfall will be deficient.

During last half of Sept. weather will be favorable to cotton and all other growing crops and top cotton will make a fine growth. Absence of frosts, after Sept. 18, will favor late corn.

I am expecting weather of the Fall months to be warm and pleasant up to about Nov. 21 with conditions favorable to corn gathering, cotton picking and the continued growth of top cotton. But following Nov. 21 will come six weeks of the worst weather imaginable. All kinds of disagreeable and bad crop weather that sometimes occurs during that season may be expected to prevail from about Nov. 21 to Dec. 31.

Farmers, planters and stock raisers can surely save much by having their grain all cribbed, their cotton in bales and their live stock well sheltered by Nov. 21 and those who fall in this will pay the penalties exacted from sluggards.

A party from Middletown leaves Monday for Littleton, N. H., on a two weeks' visit. Among the number are Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Chase, Miss Sarah I. Chase, Miss Annie H. Chase, Mrs. C. Fred White, Mrs. Kate Bailey, Miss Julia Simmons, Mrs. George R. Chase, Mrs. L. R. Manchester, Miss Bertha W. Chase and Mr. Frank H. Chase.

Col. W. J. Cozzens and wife go to Stamford, Conn., to-day for a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Caswell are visiting in Gardiner, Me.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blinding, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are selling and refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**

SEPTEMBER 1906.	STANDARD TIME.	High water
	Sun   Mon   Tues   Wed   Thurs   Fri	
15 Sat	5 30 16 11 20 17 9 18 7 19 5 20 3	5 04 6 22
16 Sun	5 40 16 9 20 17 7 18 5 19 3 20 1	5 04 6 22
17 Mon	5 41 16 8 20 17 6 18 4 19 2 20 0	5 04 6 22
18 Tues	5 42 16 7 20 17 5 18 3 19 1 20 0	5 04 6 22
19 Wed	5 43 16 6 20 17 4 18 2 19 0 20 0	5 04 6 22
20 Thurs	5 44 16 5 20 17 3 18 1 19 0 20 0	5 04 6 22
21 Fri	5 45 16 4 20 17 2 18 0 19 0 20 0	5 04 6 22

Full Moon, 21 day, 6h. 36m., evening.  
Last Quarter, 10th day, 8h. 58m., evening.  
New Moon, 16th day, 7h. 31m., morning.  
First Quarter, 23rd day, 1h. 11m., morning.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$2,000. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$40 to \$800.

Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9.30 (11) 5.30 o'clock, from April 1st to October every year.

Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office for day, or Newport office, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

**Deaths.**

In this city, 8th inst., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. William J. Burke, 11 Anandale road, Mary, widow of John Smith, aged 78 years.

In this city, 10th inst., at her residence, 518 Thomas street, Mary A., daughter of the late Thomas and Bridget Farrell.

In this city, 10th inst., Samuel H. Hamilton, aged 55 years.

In this city, 11th inst., James B. McGee, in the 86th year of his age.

In this city, 12th inst., Gardner C. son of Henry M. and Daisy C. Powers, aged 8 months.

In this city, 12th inst., at his residence, 25 Cullender avenue, John J. Fitzgerald.

Entered into rest, Thursday morning, 13th inst., Lydia Wyman, widow of John S. Clarke and daughter of the late William and Catherine Wyman.

In Middletown, 13th inst., at the residence of his parents, Brown's lane, John Silvia infant son of Jose S. and Maria Sousa Martin.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.  
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal at the time have it attended to, not once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Health & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Consult prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.  
1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages  
TO RENT AT  
BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN.  
6-9 Real Estate Agent.

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES  
EASTER

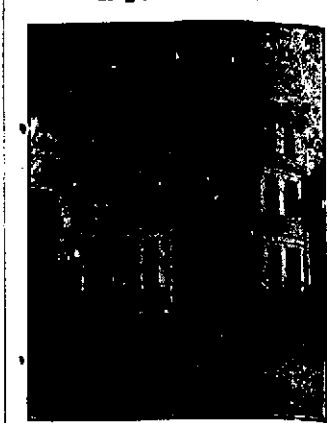
THE T. MURPHY SEABURY CO.  
EASTER

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES

**CLEVELAND HOUSE.**

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for permanent or transient guests. Having all modern improvements and conveniences.  
New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water. Electricity and gas in each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood finish, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.  
\$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.  
FOR TERMS ADDRESS

Cornelius Moriarty,  
27 CLARKE STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

Just Out!  
Six New  
Panoramic  
Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,  
WASHINGTON SQUARE,  
BEACON ROCK,  
THE BEACH,  
HARBOR FRONT,  
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.  
SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. F. Clarke, Chas. D. Badley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square, News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co., and by the publishers.

MERCURY  
PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Full Line of all the  
NEW  
AND

Improved Varieties  
VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY  
Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.  
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—  
Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.  
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal at the time have it attended to, not once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Health & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Consult prescriptions given personal attention.

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EASTER

SHOES—SHOES—SHOES—SHOES



## OLD GLORY WAVES

planted In Park Facing Cuban President's Palace

## AT REQUEST OF PALMA

Americans Ready to Cope With Any Uprising In Havana or Attack From Rebels Approaching the City

Havana, Sept. 14.—There are 120 sailors from the United States protected cruiser Denver camped in front of Old la Fuera castle, facing the Plaza de Armas, the little park in front of the presidential palace, which is the seat of the Cuban government. The American flag is planted just inside the low stone coping separating the castle grounds from O'Reilly street, which thoroughfare passes between the camp and the plaza de Armas. The American sailors are armed with regulation rifles with the exception of a few who carry revolvers or carbines. Two field howitzers and two rapid-fire guns were sent ashore with the sailors and now point across the little park, a significant warning to any one approaching the executive headquarters of the Cuban government with hostile intent.

The Denver, which originally anchored further up the bay, dropped down last evening to a position abreast the foot of O'Reilly street and in front of the offices of the captain of the port, so as to be conveniently near the detachment sent ashore and close at hand in case of need.

The whole business was done so quietly and quickly that it caused the greatest surprise. The reason for the sudden landing of the American sailors was the result of a conference between President Palma, Charge Sleeper and Commander Colwell. On the occasion of the latter's formal call upon Palma, Sleeper asked the president the direct question whether he considered that the government was able to protect all American interests in Havana. Palma, unhesitatingly, replied that he hoped the government would be able to do so, but himself suggested that it might be advisable, as a measure of precaution in the interests of Americans as well as for the maintenance of order in general, to land marines at some convenient point, suggesting the Plaza de Armas as the place. Sleeper and Colwell, after a brief conference, decided that the landing should be made at once, and at 5.30 the detachment began coming ashore with arms, ammunition and camp paraphernalia and took up a position commanding the approaches to the palace.

Questioned whether their duties on shore would simply be protection of American interests or defense of the palace and Palma, Executive Officer Miller and the other officers of the detachment replied that if the town should be attacked or if an uprising occurred in the city, they undoubtedly would have something to do regardless of fine questions as to who attacked.

The general impression here seems to be that it is the intention of the United States not only to protect American interests, but also the government of Palma. The presence in the city of American sailors has had the effect of creating a feeling of comparative security against attack from without or of an internal uprising. Reports had been current that the worst elements of the population were planning to set fires, under the cover of which robberies might be committed. It was also reported that insurgents in considerable numbers were approaching Havana from several directions.

## Colwell Has Not Received Orders

Havana, Sept. 14.—Commander Colwell late last night was shown a press dispatch from Washington stating that the sailors from the cruiser Denver had been ordered to return. He expressed great astonishment and said he had received no such order, adding that he believed the navy department had not deciphered his code message explaining the situation. Colwell said he believed he had done right and was satisfied that the evening's events had so proved. However, if, after reaching an understanding of the situation, the navy department ordered the return of the sailors on board ship, the order would be carried out without half an hour.

Alfredo Sayas, president of the Liberal party, has offered to surrender to Colwell if guaranteed a fair trial.

## Valparaiso in Need of Money

Washington, Sept. 12.—In view of the indifference shown by the American people towards contributing money for the assistance of the sufferers from the Valparaiso earthquake and fire, it is probable that the president will in a short time issue another proclamation calling the attention of the people of this country to the distressing state of affairs in Valparaiso and asking for contributions.

## Suit Against Coal Dealers

Hartford, Sept. 13.—Alleging combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade Charles R. Hale, an independent coal merchant of this city, has brought suit against 10 coal dealers of Hartford, claiming damages of \$16,000. The names of the wholesale dealers who refused to sell and deliver coal to the plaintiff are named in the complaint.

## Great Speechcraft Is Broke

Seattle, Sept. 14.—Swiftwater Hill Gates, an Alaska miner notorious as a speechcraft, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in the federal court. Gates set up his assets as \$200 in cash, wearing apparel worth \$100, and a watch and chain. Court judgments amounting to nearly \$200,000 were given as his liabilities.

## LESS THAN 8000

Great Lopping Off of Maine Republicans' Usual Plurality

## GOVERNOR COBB WINS

His Democratic Opponent Polls Remarkably Large Vote—Littlefield Returned to Congress by Greatly Reduced Plurality

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—The Republicans of Maine elected a governor, four congressmen and secured control of the next legislature, but they suffered big losses in pluralities from the head of the ticket down to the bottom. Both Congressman Littlefield and Governor Cobb attribute the almost unprecedented slump in the Republican plurality to the general dissatisfaction created by the Sturgis bill, passed two years ago for the purpose of enforcing the prohibitory laws.



GOVERNOR COBB.

Although the Republican vote was greater than that cast four years ago, an increase of nearly 60 percent in the Democratic vote pulled the Republican plurality down to one of the smallest margins ever given a Republican governor over a Democratic candidate.

The returns from 450 cities and towns out of 520 are as follows: Cobb (Rep.) 66,239; Davis (Dem.) 59,201. Republican plurality, 7038. The plurality in these towns four years ago of Hill (Rep.) over Gould (Dem.) was 25,374.

Cyrus W. Davis of Waterville, the Democratic candidate for governor, polled one of the largest votes in the history of the party in this state. His issue in the campaign was the resubmission of the liquor question, which was incorporated into the state constitution over 40 years ago.

More interesting from a national point of view was the re-election of Congressman Charles F. Littlefield of the second district by a greatly reduced plurality. Littlefield's candidacy was the subject of bitter opposition on the part of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, who asked for his defeat on the ground that he had voted against certain labor measures at the last session of congress.

The issue between Gompers and Littlefield was taken up by the Republican congressional committee and for three weeks the district has been the scene of a hard fight in which Secretary of War Taft, Senators Lodge and Beveridge and several congressmen were pitted against the head of the Federation of Labor.

Littlefield's plurality is estimated at about 1,000.

## The vote of the cities of Maine for governor:

City	Cobb.	Davis.
Portland	4,584	5,308
Bangor	1,561	2,379
Lewiston	1,151	2,566
Rockland	902	919
Augusta	1,034	1,204
Auburn	1,186	1,438
Brewer	286	333
Biddeford	982	1,264
Gardiner	623	537
Hallowell	270	260
Eastport	336	332
Saco	577	758
South Portland	512	586
Westbrook	677	860
Calais	550	494
Ellsworth	450	500
Belfast	486	612
Bath	799	1,048
Waterville	749	1,258
Oldtown	327	455
Totals	18,022	22,011

A tremendous vote throughout the state, heavy increases in the Democratic vote and the transfer of strongly Republican strongholds into the Democratic column characterized the election and served for a time to give an impression of uncertainty as to the probable result of the gubernatorial contest.

## Loss of Whaling Vessel

New Bedford Mass., Sept. 10.—The news of the loss of the San Francisco whaling schooner Alexander in the Arctic was received here in a telegram from Captain Tilton, commander of the vessel, to his wife, who is a resident of this city. The telegram gave no details further than saying that the crew was safe. The Alexander, although having from San Francisco, was manned by a crew of New England whalers.

## Fatal Quarrel Over Ball Game

Hartford, Sept. 10.—Losing his temper during a dispute over a ball game, Francis Curtin, 17 years old, cut the throat of Robert S. Jardine, while the latter was standing in a doorway on Sheldon street, almost severing Jardine's head from his body by a stroke of a razor. Curtin made his escape immediately after he committed the deed.

## NOT AUTHORIZED

Sailors Landed at Havana Must Return to Warships

## SMALL LEGATION GUARD

Serious Situation Put Up to the United States—Result of Intervention Would Be Annexation—Five Warships Near Cuba

Washington, Sept. 14.—It was officially announced here late last night that the sailors who were landed at Havana from the American cruiser Denver have been ordered to immediately return to their vessel, save for a small guard which will be left at the American legation. This action followed the receipt of an official report by Acting Secretary of State Bacon from Mr. Sleeper, the American charge at Havana, regarding the landing of the men.

The report was not made public, but it was announced officially shortly afterward that the sailors were landed from the Denver solely and simply for the protection of the lives and property of American citizens, that such action was in pursuance of a discussion between Sleeper and the naval commander, with the belief that it was a wise precaution looking to the protection of the lives and property of Americans.

It is now evident that the United States is face to face with a serious problem in Cuba. Attempts to conceal this fact are no longer made at the state department. Advances from agents of the department on the island are now to the effect that the insurrection has passed beyond the control of President Palma.

Annexation is the great problem ahead. It is pointed out by government officials that the day the United States puts an armed force on the island conditions will revert to what they were while this country was exercising a suzerainty over the island following the Spanish-American war. It is further pointed out that such suzerainty will never end until the island is annexed to the United States.

For weeks the general staff of the army has been preparing to send troops to this island. The visit of General Bell, chief of staff, to Oyster Bay, three weeks ago, was the result of the president's decision to be ready to send forward an armed force if occasion demand such action. It is intimated at the war department that the abandonment of the army concentration camps three weeks in advance of the time originally fixed is the result of the desire to have troops prepared to move on short notice.

The presence of any number of navy vessels in Cuban waters, it is pointed out at the department, does not mean intervention. Their presence may be regarded as an indication of this government's determination to intervene if intervention shall become necessary. If peace is to be restored it will have to be restored by the army.

There are four American naval vessels in Cuban waters—the Denver at Havana, the gunboat Marietta off Cienfuegos, and the auxiliary Dixie and the cruiser Columbia at Guantanamo, the United States naval station on the south side of the island. In addition the Des Moines is at Key West. In addition the Newport, the Paducah, the Don Juan de Austria and the Dubuque are patrolling in Dominican waters, and as the situation in that republic is quiet at present one or more of these might easily be sent to Cuba if further trouble occurs.

## Worcester a Pennant Winner

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 10.—The New England baseball season has come to a close, Worcester carrying off the pennant. The standing is as follows:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Worcester	73	43	.635
Lynn	66	49	.574
Lawrence	64	52	.552
New Bedford	63	53	.543
Manchester	57	57	.500
Fall River	55	59	.482
Haverhill	53	62	.461
Lowell	29	86	.252

## Father and Daughter Killed

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 12.—An express train struck and killed John Sullivan and his 4-year-old daughter at Bowenville, a suburb, last night. Sullivan and the child were crossing the railroad tracks at Corey street when the train struck them. The street is not a thoroughfare and there is no public crossing there.

## Stable and Fourteen Horses Lost

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 10.—Fourteen horses, owned by Philip Holland, were burned to death in a stable in this city. In addition to the horses Holland lost 18 tons of hay which he had just put in the barn. Fourteen other horses were rescued. The loss is \$15,000.

## Echo of Hartie Divorce Suit

Pittsburg, Sept. 12.—The grand jury returned true bills against Augustus Hartie, John S. Welshons and Clifford Hooe, charging them with conspiracy to defame the character of Mrs. Mary Scott Hartie.

## A Triple Electrocution

Rushville, Ind., Sept. 13.—Three men were killed while climbing through a barbed wire fence during a storm. The wire was charged with electricity.

## Was Friend of Rockefeller

New York, Sept. 14.—Announcement of the death of Daniel O'Day at Royan, France, was made at the office of the National Transit company. O'Day was vice-president of this company, which is one of the many Standard Oil subsidiary concerns with which O'Day was connected. O'Day was 62 years old. He was a personal friend of John D. Rockefeller.

## WEST IS FOUND

Missing Instructor Was Wandering Dazed In the Woods

Amherst, Mass., Sept. 14.—Harold P. West, the Cushing Academy instructor who disappeared Tuesday morning, was found wandering in the woods but a short distance from this town. When found by Deputy Sheriff Richardson the young man was in a most pitiable condition from exhaustion and exposure and was fast losing consciousness.

He was at once taken to the hotel and medical aid summoned, and within a short time was resting comfortably.

There is now no question that West is suffering from a mental disorder, but the physicians state that he will be quite well again after a quiet rest.

## Notorious Murderess Dying

Taunton, Mass., Sept. 13.—Jane Toppin, the notorious poisoner, can live but a few days more, report physicians who are caring for her at the Taunton insane asylum. Though she weighed 230 pounds when she was incarcerated, she weighs now but 67 pounds. Her case is more aggravated now than ever before. The only nutriment which she has taken in months is that which has been injected into her veins by the physicians who have her in charge. The hallucination that she is being poisoned just as she poisoned her victims has grown to a frenzy.

## To Arbitrate Controversy

Boston, Sept. 14.—The threatened dock strike in Boston has been averted. All parties to the controversy have agreed to arbitration, and the board upon which will rest the responsibility of settling the dispute will meet to hear the evidence in the case. The controversy started several weeks ago on the docks of the Metropolitan Steamship company, where three or four longshoremen were discharged. The contention of the longshoremen's union was that these men were dismissed for no other cause than their connection with the union.

## To Raise Price of Milk

Boston, Sept. 14.—A meeting of the directors of the Boston Co-operative Milk Producing company, an organization of dairy farmers, was held at the American House with a view to readjusting the price for milk. In a statement the directors say they are convinced that a substantial advance in the price of milk "must be secured at all hazards, as last winter's price is not sufficient with the increased cost of production to warrant the producers in maintaining the supply."

## Both Parties at Fault

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 14.—A formal finding in the case of George E. Botsford, who was thrown from a runabout and killed by a collision with an automobile driven by Stanley Y. Beach, has been made by coroner Doten. He finds that Beach was driving at an unsafe rate of speed for that locality, although it was within the speed limit. He also finds that Botsford was violating a state law in driving a rubber-tired vehicle at night without a light.

## Big Schooner Perhaps Lost

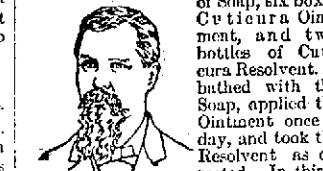
Boston, Sept. 14.—The big four-masted schooner which is long overdue at St. Ann's Bay, C. B., from this port, is the Edwin R. Hunt of Bath, Me. The Hunt left Boston four weeks ago yesterday in ballast for Cape Breton to load gypsum for Chester, Pa. The trip from this port to Cape Breton usually is made by sailing vessels in a week. The Hunt was commanded by Captain Sargent, who had a crew of a dozen or more.

## AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over the Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Itching Unbearable—Cured by Cuticura in Thirty Days at Cost of \$4.75.

## ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Soap, six boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent. I bathed with the Soap, applied the Ointment once a day, and took the Resolvent as directed. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago."



"The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leading in the center to a point about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable."

"To sum it all up, I would not go through such another ordeal of affliction for thirty-five years for the State of Kansas. (Signed) W. M. Childs, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are sold throughout the world. Putney Drug & Chem. Co., Putney, N. Y., Sole U. S. Agents.

## STRICTLY

## CONFIDENTIAL.

CUSTOMERS have a right to expect that their banking business will be treated as CONFIDENTIAL. This we do, and we also aim to protect their interests in every legitimate manner. Drafts or Money Orders drawn on any part of the world. Safe Deposit Boxes to rent.

Newport Trust Company,  
303 Thames Street.

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## Middletown.

Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony, left Sunday evening for Montclair, N. J., where she will teach in the public schools of that city.

Sunday last being the 2nd anniversary of the death of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark, a memorial service was held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in the morning.

The Misses Maud H. and Anna B. Beare, who have been spending the summer at St. George's School, as guest of their mother, Mrs. A. B. Beare, returned last week to New York.

The Newport County Fair presented this year, as usual, their annual contribution of four free tickets to each of the five schools for the scholars representing the highest standing in studies and deportment.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham and their two children left on Monday for a two weeks' visit to Mrs. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farnum, at Peru, Vermont. They were joined on Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, who will spend a week in Vermont and the remaining week at Bethlehem, N. H.

At the meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held with Mrs. Irving A. Carey last week the following delegates were appointed to represent this Union at the coming state convention to be held at Pawtucket, October: Mrs. Charles Peckham, alter-

nate Miss Sadie E. Peckham, Mrs. H. H. Critchlow, alternate Mrs. E. A. Peckham. A letter was read announcing that by the will of the late Lydia M. Brown, wife of Nathan Brown, the sum of ten dollars has been left to the union, Mrs. Brown having formerly been a member of this organization.

Owing to the Newport County Fair, which is being held this week, the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, to have occurred on Thursday evening, was postponed to September 27.

Mrs. Henry Sherman, who has been in poor health the past year, is under the care of a trained nurse from Providence. Mrs. Sherman has been unable to be down for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brigham and family have recently removed from Portsmouth to the East Main road, Middletown, near Forest avenue.

On next Sunday, Rev. Philip M. Rhineland of the Berkeley Divinity School will preach at the afternoon service at 4.30 at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

St. George's School is in the hands of the carpenters and painters in preparation for its opening on September 25th. A number of the larger rooms are being subdivided to permit the accommodation of a large number of new pupils.

There is a growing suspicion that Miss Democracy wishes she had not plighted her troth to William Jennings Bryan so early. Before the wedding day she may see somebody else she likes better.—Providence Journal.





## Yankee Europe.

[From the London News]

The American season is in full swing and our transatlantic cousin is overrunning the land. Loudon appears to be enjoying a somewhat sobering influence on him, and is at Stratford-on-Avon on his own at his best. There is a class apart. Everywhere in the little town notices refer to "visitors and Americans," and at all show and the two describe their names in separate books. Through the street separate "visitors" march steadily, the Americans "do" the place thoroughly, in couples at least, one carrying a camera, the other a guide book. Arrived at the spot mentioned in the book, the camera is brought into play, while the other reads aloud the reference in the guide book.

But it is on the Continent that one must study the wandering American. There is more of him and his smartly dressed woman kind in Paris than in London, and more for the size of the city in Berlin than in Paris. In the only in Berlin Capital an edition of one of the New York newspapers is published in the Berlin so-called English daily, which is devoted almost exclusively to his doings, and several clubs are run for his special benefit.

No matter where you go, you find him before you, unassuming and unassuming, but all outward seeming, at once, any rate of the attention he attracts. Hardly have you stepped on board the vessel which is to take you from England when you hear him inquiring about his state cabin; no matter how quickly you enter the train on the other side, you find his portmanteau, with its mosaic of multicolored hotel labels almost completely hiding its original covering, on the best seat.

His ubiquity impresses you and compels your admiration. His sing-froid is in striking contrast to the manner of the average Englishman abroad. The true Englishman is never at home on the Continent. It is too full of "foreigners." The American is the Bedouin of civilization, at home and at ease, everywhere, and the more you see of him the more congenial do you find him.

I climbed to the top of Notre Dame in Paris and found there a party from the Atlantic enjoying lunch. The day was hot, and a young man in the group offered me a refreshing drink. At the top of the lace work in marble, which is the spire of Milan Cathedral, three English-speaking men met accidentally—an American, an English clergyman and myself. He who hailed from the land of the Stars and Stripes offered me his field glass, the other did not even return our good morning salutation. In a beer garden at Lucerne I followed the custom of the Continent and asked permission before sitting at a table of those already seated there. The only one who did not raise his hat and reply was an Englishman and the only one to make excuses for him was a young man who prefixed his words with "I guess."

At Ostend the usual crowd of camerists dogged about between the bathing machines. One of the bathers, with his kodak on his head to keep it dry, watched the efforts of others for a while to snapshot a daintily attired French woman, then he coolly asked her to pose on the steps of her bathing machine for him. She did, with the remark: "You droll Americans." In the Luxembourg at Paris I could not find Sargent's "Carmenita," and it was a student from France who told me that it had been temporarily consigned to the cellar, together with Whistler's portrait of his mother. The latter, however, had been hastily dragged out and placed on a chair when the artist died.

About half a dozen of us, representing many nationalities, stood at one of the finest parts of the Giesbach cascades in Switzerland and expressed a desire to see a huge log of bunched down the torrent. Instantly an American in the party climbed over the parapet, and standing on the edge of the precipice, took three of the largest logs from the pile kept there for the purpose and tossed them into the seething cataract. Where he stood the throw had to be careful in the extreme; overbalancing would have been fatal.

Later the same day in the Dantesque "Gorge of the Aar," near Meltingen, some one wondered how a revolver would sound in that awe inspiring canon. Instantly an American drew his shooting iron from his hip pocket and awoke the reverberating echoes.

The first music hall I ever entered on the Continent was at Brussels; the stage was occupied by a couple of Yankee knockabouts. The Moulin Rouge was the first place of entertainment I visited in Paris. The major portion of the programme was occupied with a French version of "The Belle of New York" without the character of the Salvation lassie, and with the polite lunatic transformed into a fiery pacha. In Broges the famous belfry rang out a waltz which I heard whistled in the same place in London. I bought some cheap pirated music in Antwerp. It was published in the land of boum. In Amsterdam the walls were placarded with "Zara."

In Venice whenever I was in the Piazza San Marco during my stay fair Americans were busy looking one another with half a dozen pigeons perched on their arms and shoulders. At night in the cosmopolitan boudoir of the famous square one beautiful woman was evening dress. She came from the land of Edna May. American women wear evening dress everywhere—even in the mountain villages of Switzerland, where they find to their cost that the hottest days are followed by cold nights.

In the Latin Quarter crowd at the notorious Bal Bullier in Paris you are sure to see one or two American ladies in elaborate evening toilettes and have seen them so arrayed in the gawsonne cabaret "Le Neaut" in Montmartre, where the waiters are dressed like undertakers' mates and the tables are covered with Paris with startling thoroughness. I have seen them in the Olympia bar after midnight.

English music is not often heard abroad, but Sousa everywhere. In the Sunday market at Liege I stopped to listen to an organ playing "Rustle of Grady." I thought it was the only English music I had heard on the Continent, but a week later an American at Volendam told me it was a Yankee song. It was at Volendam that I was taken for an American because I spoke English. This quaint little village on the Zuyder Zee, made famous by the sketches of Phil May and Tom Browne, is off the map as far as ordinary tourists is concerned. It is not easy to find, and only artists go there—artists and Americans. When I was there not one Englishman was in the place, but eleven Americans sat down at table eleven.

Only once have I met an American on the Continent who did not

thoroughly enjoy himself. He was a clergyman at Venice, and was walking moodily along the beautiful twilight vista of the Grand Canal from the Giardini Reale by the Piazzetta, where the children play in the evenings. He was out of sorts, hated the gondola and prophesied that all the canals, save the Grand, would some day be filled up and converted into ordinary streets. He made me feel quite despondent. But as a rule the effect of American company on you is just the reverse. The Continent is less vivacious where the American is not.

## Gave Her Permission.

The Eastern manager of a large Western manufacturing concern has a benignly clerical appearance that commands confidence. He was standing on a corner in the shopping district of Philadelphia, waiting for a car, when a woman, handsomely gowned, and evidently a stranger, approached him and said, inquiringly:

"I wish to go to the Broad Street Station."

Instantly he replied, in a tone of indulgent seriousness:

"Very well, you can go this time, but don't ever ask me again."—Human Life.

## Overlooked One Part of It.

The rector's little daughter did not appear to be wholly satisfied.

"Why, dear," said her mother, "don't you remember you prayed the other night for a brown collicie dog? Well, here it is."

"Yes," pouted the little girl, "but I prayed for a brass collar and chain, too!"—Chicago Tribune.

## Helpless.

"Tell me the worst, doctor," she said. "I will nerve myself and try to stand it."

"Well, if you insist, I will be frank. You don't need a change of scene."

With a hopeless groan her husband sat down, for his business made it impossible for him to get away himself.—Judge.

## A Modern Mrs. Malaprop.

A certain prosperous farmer had retired and moved into the city in order to send his children to a good school. On market day one of their old neighbors called and the farmer's wife explained in these words: "Oh, yes; Benjamin expired from business to execute his children. Sarah is already studying graymare and George gray."

Last summer a well-known professor went with his family to a small seaside resort on the east coast, says the London Tribune, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking paying guests. This year he wrote to the farmer and in his letter said: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should I decide to pass my holidays at your house. We don't like the maid, Mary; moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we haven't had no hogs since you went last away last August."

The man who had purchased some current buns at a bakery was distressed on starting to eat one to find that it contained a fly. Returning to the bakery, he made an indignant complaint, demanding another bun in place of the inhabited one.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the saleswoman. "I can't give you another bun, but if you will bring me back the fly I will give you a current for it."

The man lay prone upon the pavement. Blood trickled from a ragged gash in his throat and formed a little pool near his head.

There were no marks of violence—nothing to show how the man had come by the accident. For a minute the great detective was baffled. Suddenly a strange light shone in his keen gray eyes, while a smile of satisfaction played about his lips.

"Have you discovered how the man's throat was cut?" they asked.

"Yes. He's wearing a collar that's been to the laundry twice."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The boast of a trotting horse owner to an envious rival was: "Why, my pair of roans can stand still quicker than those things of yours can trot!" But a London caddy who was much impeded by a stout pedestrian, went one better. "I am hurrying, sir!" pleaded the old gentleman. "Urry!" oh, yes; yet "urrry," jumpin' about like a bit of steakin' plaster. That's wot you're doin'!"—Liverpool Post.

At least one boy in the city of New York has not learned the meaning and practice of graft, says the Sun of Brooklyn. Last week a man over in Brooklyn sent a small boy in his neighborhood to deliver a note to a young woman who lived a couple of blocks away. He gave the boy a quarter to make him hurry. In due time the messenger came back and returning the money, said:

"Miss B— says she will be glad to see you to-night, but she didn't want the quarter."

## Why the Bread Came Back.

A boy who had been working in a baker's shop for some time was just about to finish his trade, says the Dundee Advertiser. One night when the boss was gone he broke the marble slab he molded his loaves on, so he went to the marble yard to secure another, but could not find one.

On the way back he passed a grave-yard, and, as it was very dark, he jumped over and pulled up a small headstone about the right size and took it back and finished his job. The next day, after the bread had been delivered, nearly all of it was sent back. The baker looked at it and broke seven. Then he happened to turn one of the loaves over and found on the under side of every loaf the inscription: "Here lies the body of Mrs. —. Born A. D. 1852. Died A. D. 1749."

## Good Feeding.

The Thin Skeeter.—Well, say, you look like ready money. You must be having a prosperous season. Where are you stopping?

The Fat Skeeter.—Mr. Oh, I'm living in the back of a peek-a-buo wauk.—Puck.

"I'd like to go away for the rest of the week, sir," said the tired book-keeper.

"There is no need for you to do that," replied the employer. "Stay here, and the rest of the week will come to you."

## He Didn't Bite.

"Say, you wouldn't really bite me, would you?" asked the little boy.

"Bite you?" echoed the young man who was waiting for the little boy's sister to come into the parlor. "What do you think I'd bite you for, Johnny?"

"I don't know," said the little boy, poking his fingers into a buttonhole of his blouse. "Grandpa said you would some of these days if I didn't watch out. Bob bit me once, but he didn't mean to. He was trying to get a piece of meat out of my hand, but I wouldn't try to feed you any meat, would I?"

"I don't know," said the young man. "If I was hungry and you had some meat and I asked you for some, I hope you would. But what?"

"I'd give it to you on a plate," said the little boy. "I wouldn't feel it to you with my fingers 'cause that wouldn't be polite. Bob doesn't mind. He always takes it out of your fingers and then licks your fingers afterwards. But did you ever bite any little boys?"

"Why, no, Johnny," said the young man. "What ever put that into your head?"

"Grandpa said so. He said you weren't to be trusted."

"Oh, I think you're mistaken," said the young man.

"No, I'm not," said Johnny. "Ma thinks you'll bite me, too. Say, you don't care if I climb up on your shoulders, do you?"

"I'd sooner give you an apple pie," said the young man, hesitatingly. "Do you want to turn an apple pie? You wait a little, then. Well, tuck your head down. Now, put your hands between your legs. There!"

"Do it again," said the little boy, after the gymnastic feat was accomplished.

"Wait," said the young man. "Johnny, you ought not to tell fibs. Your mother didn't say that I'd bite you?"

"Uh-huh."

"She told you that I would bite you?"

"Well, she didn't, but grandpa said she thought you might, and that was why grandpa gave me the chocolate creams."

"I give it up," said the young man. "Give what up?"

"What you mean. You say your grandpa gave you chocolate creams because your mother thought I might bite you? Well, we'll let it go."

"I can bite too," said the little boy. "Let me take your finger. Did that hurt?"

"Of course it did."

"Then if you bite me I could bite as well as sister."

"Johnny, you'll have to explain yourself."

"Well, grandpa said that you wouldn't bite sister because she could bite back and I can bite back, too, so you wouldn't bite me."

"I wouldn't bite either of you."

"Didn't you bite her one night on the porch—just after supper?"

"Certainly not."

"You did too, I saw you."

"Johnny?"

"I—I guess I did."

"Well," said the young man, blushing, "you've got another guess coming. Did you tell anybody I bit your sister?"

"No, I didn't tell anybody. I forgot."

The young man sighed. "Johnny, I wish—well, anyway, I don't bite people, so you needn't be afraid."

"Not if I climb on you?"

"No."

"And not if I come into the parlor?"

"No."

"Grandpa said I was to keep out of the parlor. He said you didn't want me in there when you were talking to sister and if I kept going you might bite me."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, of course, you know your grandpa wouldn't fib. I don't think there would be any danger—er—not much danger, anyway. Still—I'll tell you. You always want to do what your grandpa says. Little boys always ought to do that and then they won't be taking any risks. Grandpa are pretty nice, I tell you. You've got an awful nice one, I think. Would you like some more chocolate creams, Johnny? Yes? Well, I haven't got any with me in my pocket, but you know where to get them, don't you?"

"If I had the money, I do," said the little boy, artlessly.

The young man felt in his pocket.

"Here's a quarter," he said. "You take that and run along and buy some. But don't make yourself sick. And, Johnny—always do just exactly what your grandpa tells you."—Chicago News.

## Greek Meets Greek.

He—Oh, thescoundrel!

She—It serves you right; everyone told you when you went into business with him that he was the biggest thief in the country!

"Yes, I know, but I thought I—I knew more than he did."

## Auto Be Careful.

Autoist.—Ran over some one as I came down from the club; but I guess no harm was done.

Friend.—Didn't you stop to see?

Autoist.—Stop, no—the machine seemed to run along all right.—Boston Transcript.

## Must Have 'Em.

Oh, woman's a puzzle. She keeps us all guessing; She's changeable, just as the weather.

Yet we'd rather keep guessing, we're free in confessing, Than in giving him up altogether.

## Cause for Alarm.

Bostonian.—I'm somewhat troubled about my 5-year-old son.

Chicagoan.—Symptoms of the measles? Bostonian.—Oh, no; but he contends that Bernard Shaw is a greater writer than Ibsen.—Puck.

"That's a bouncing baby in the next room to yours, isn't it, Mr. Hallroom?"

"Is it? Then I wish you'd bounce it; it has kept me awake for a week!"—Houston Post.

"Let me see," said she, "what is it you call those men who run automobiles?"

"Pardon me," replied the gallant man, "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I call them."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Agent.—Here, madam, is a book that will tell you how to manage a husband.

Woman.—But, my dear lady, what I want is a book that will tell me how to get obe, and I'll manage him all right.

## Happier Anyway.

Professor Motteuci, superintendent of the Vesuvius observatory, was dining with some Americans at the Royal Hotel in Naples.

The dining room fronted the sea. The waves crashed against the massive embankment of stone and showers of white spray rose high in the sunlight.

"This is heavenly. But what is it like in your observatory when Vesuvius is active?" a young woman asked.

"It is not like heaven," said Professor Motteuci. "It reminds me of a story about a Neapolitan widow whose husband had been dead some years. One night she was persuaded to go to a Spiritualists' seance, and there the spirit of her dead husband appeared and spoke with her."

"My dear Agnostino," said the widow to the shade, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," Agnostino answered.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" asked the widow.

"Yes," replied the shade; "I am far, far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"The widow was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Tell me, Agnostino, what is it like in Heaven?"

"Heaven," said Agnostino. "I am not in Heaven."—New York Tribune.

## A Courageous War.

That ancient Galahad the Hon. Joe Canavan is pretty bold for a Favorite Son. He rides in a special train.

He dares to be the guest of the vice-president of a railroad company. Dangerous business. Then, he seems to be getting ready to try his hand at golf.

A frivolous game, though Balfour plays it. A statesman-candidate should chop down trees, work in the fields, do something to show he is a sturdy and popular character. Golf, too, is an old man's game, fully as much as it is a young man's. Uncle Joe should play football. On the other hand, his desire to climb Mount Whiteface "shows that he is on the right track. Whether he goes up Mount Whiteface or not, he is bound to climb Mount Fairbanks and plant his flag upon that awful top."—N. Y. Sun.

## Trimmed the Doctor.

A North Carolina doctor, inclined to be mindful of other people's business, was riding along a country road. He drew up where a native was husking corn in a field.

"You are gathering yellow corn?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir; planted that kind," came the reply.

"Won't get more than half a crop?" volunteered the physician.

"Don't expect to, sir; planted it on half shares."

The doctor was somewhat nettled at this and replied:

"You must be mighty near a fool."

"Yes, sir, only a fence between us."—Human Life.

## Asking Too Much of Bryan.

A few Democrats there are who insist upon details. They ask the Great Man to tell them how the nation will finance the purchase of \$14,000,000 worth of railroads—where the necessary taxes will fall, and how the integrity of the men employed in the service will be assured. Fulle questions that betray only ignorance of Mr. Bryan's purpose. Do they think he is a railway manager? Don't they know it is an Orator he is?—N. Y. Sun.

The other afternoon a man rushed into the Reading Terminal, galloped up the stairs and dashed for the train shed just as the gates closed against him.

He looked as if he wanted to swear most vociferously, but he was out of wind, and all that he could do was to lean against the fence and woufully sigh. It was then that the gruff old porter, who is always on hand, paced over and butted in.

"Did you miss you train, old boy?" he queried, with a smilling glance at the panting one.

"No," was the grouchy rejoinder. "I chuse myself up here that way every five minutes, to see them shut the gates."

"What made you so late?" queried the other, not at all abashed. "Is your watch out of order?"

"No, my watch is all to the good," replied the man who missed the train, "but I think that my feet are about two minutes slow."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

This lunatic asylum story comes from Glasgow: Two councillors of that city were taken over a large asylum the other day by one of the patients, a safe man. He had led them to a room to display a view from a window, when some one shut the door, with its self acting lock, and the three men were prisoners. The patient alone preserved his composure. While the councillors clamored to be released he remarked:

"If I were you I would be quiet."

No help coming, the councillors grew desperate. Beads of perspiration stood on their brows, and they fairly yelled.

"If I were you," repeated the patient soothingly, "I would keep quiet."

"But we're too daft," pleaded one of the visitors.

"Hoist him, that's what I said myself when brocht in!"

Some railroad employees were at work on a trestle. One of the number, a negro, fell from the trestle onto a pile of rocks below, a distance of some fifteen or twenty feet. He got up rubbing his head, and remarked:

"Ef it hadn't er ben for dem rocks what sorter bruck de force ob de fall, I'd ben hurt."—Woman's Home Companion.

A certain well-known lawyer excelled in cross-examination. His gifts of humor often served him where other methods were unsuccessful. For instance, a young woman in the witness box was asked her age. She hesitated to reply.

"Don't hesitate," said the lawyer. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."

The witness took the hint. —Pearson's Weekly.

"I can't see why my husband should be jealous of me."

"It is strange, isn't it, dear?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Do you notice what a prominent part the Hon. Joe Bailey of Texas is not taking in these arrangements for Mr. Bryan's reception?—Chicago Tribune.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

## Women's Dep't.

## The Old Soldier's Logic.

Minnie Reynolds Scabrinio, formerly of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, now a magazine writer in New York City, has contributed a "Carrie Chapman Catt Box" to the Colorado Traveling Library in appreciation of Mrs. Catt's services in the campaign which secured full suffrage to the women of Colorado.

The Illinois Socialists have nominated a woman for State Superintendent of Public Instruction and two women for University Trustees, and as there are women candidates on the Republican and Democratic tickets also a woman is sure to be elected in Illinois this fall.

If the men of the country who believe in reform displayed as much sound judgment and unselfish devotion as the woman suffragists do the social world would move forward so fast as to challenge the admiration of the Creator.—Geo. H. Sholey in Ref-erendum News.

The women of Minnesota protested so vigorously at the decision of the Attorney General that they might not vote at the primaries for member of school boards, that he has modified his opinion. He advises that the votes of the women be received and kept in separate boxes, so that if any one desires to take the matter into the courts it can be done conveniently.

Is Woman Suffrage a Waning Issue?

"The conspicuous weakness of the woman suffrage cause from the beginning has been the indifference of women themselves," says Ida Husted Harper in Colliers for Aug. 25th.

"When every other argument against it has been made and answered, the opponents could safely entrench themselves behind this one, while legislators and voters could satisfy their consciences by saying: 'Until there is a demand from a larger number of women, we don't see any necessity for favorable action.' What is the situation in this respect today? When the International Council of Women was founded in Washington, in 1888, and its objects were decided upon, woman suffrage was strictly barred. At its meeting in Berlin, in 1894, its delegates from the National Councils of thirteen countries, representing about 8,000,000 women, stated that they had been instructed to vote for the adoption of woman suffrage as one of the principal objects for which this international body henceforth should strive. Such action was then officially taken without a dissenting voice, and the great organization of women in the world thus pledged itself to work for enfranchisement. For the chairman of its standing committee on suffrage it selected the rev. Anna H. Shaw, now president of the National Suffrage Association of the United States. And still there are those who keep right on saying: 'Women don't want to vote, the movement is dead.'"

The Czar has signed Finland's Constitution so suffrage for the women of the country is secured. They are even eligible to seats in Parliament which places them ahead of their Australian and New Zealand sisters, who possess full suffrage but are not eligible as members of Parliament.

At Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, a little while ago the women were permitted to vote to decide which of two teachers should be retained for the High School. The election was held in the Court House, there were regular printed ballots and the Richmond Leader says that this was perhaps the first time that ladies were permitted the privilege of voting in this State. After it was all over the district school board met and calmly elected the teacher—not the "people's choice" as indicated by the election—but the other one. A good example of the way that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!"

The man who had made \$15,000,000 in a few years looked downcast.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked. "Why are you unhappy? You ought to be thoroughly satisfied. You have made a splendid fortune, you are still in the prime of life and the workmen have just put the finishing touches on your fine palace. What more do you want?"

"That's just it," the disconsolate one replied. "Instead of moving into my palace now and enjoying life I've got to spend five or six years hunting through European junk shops for dirty pictures with which to decorate my walls."

There is one verse, and it is said to be the only one, in the Bible that contains every letter in the alphabet. It is Ezra vi. 21, and reads: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to

